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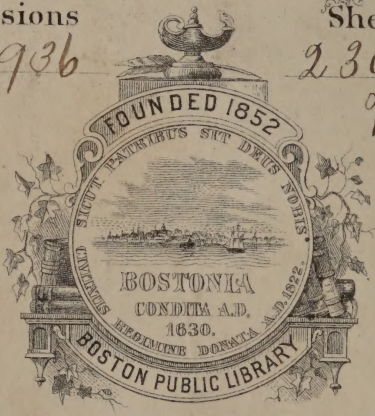

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No. 17.

50 SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

THE READING CLUB

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON.

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Drama," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

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No. 17. No. 17.

THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE LIGHT FROM OVER THE RANGE.

"D'YE see it, pard?"

"See what, Rough?"

"The light from over the Range."

"Not a bit, Rough. It's not daybreak yet. Yer sick, an' yer head bothers ye."

"Pard, yer off. I've been sick, but I'm well again. It's not dark like it was. The light's a-comin'—comin' like the boyhood days that crep' inter the winders of the old home."

"Ye've been dreamin', Rough. The fever hain't all outen yer head yet."

"Dreamin'? 'Twa'n't all dreams. It's the light comin', pard. I see 'em all plain. Thar's the ole man lookin' white an' awful, just as he looked the mornin' he drove me from home; and that woman behind him, stretchin' out her arms arter me, is the best mother in the world. Don't you see 'em, pard?"

"Yer flighty, Rough. It's all dark, 'cepting a pine-knot flickerin' in the ashes."

"No—the light's a-comin' brighter and brighter. Look! It's beamin' over the Range bright and gentle, like the smile that used to be over me when my head lay in my mother's lap, long ago."

"Hyar's a little brandy, Rough. Thar; I seen it though my eyes are dim—somehow—hyar, Rough."

"Never, pard. That stuff spiled the best years of my life—it sha'n't spile my dreams of 'em. Oh, sich dreams,

pard! They take me to the old home again. I see the white house 'mong the trees. I smell the breath of the apple-blossoms, and hear the birds singin' and the bees hummin', and the old plough-songs echoin' over the leetle valley. I see the river windin' through the willers an' sycamores, an' the dear ole hills all around, p'intin' up to heaven like the spires of big meetin'-houses. Thar's the ole rock we called the tea-table. I climb up on it, an' play a happy boy agin. Oh, if I'd only staid thar, pard!"

"Don't, Rough; ye thaw me all out, talkin' that. It makes me womanish."

"That's it, pard: we've kep' our hearts froze so long, we want it allus winter. But the summer comes back with all the light from over the Range. How bright it is, pard! Look! How it floods the cabin till the knots an' cobwebs are plainer than day."

"Suthin's wrong, Rough. It's all dark, 'cept only that pine-knot in the chimbly."

"No, it's all right, pard. The light's come over the Range. I kin see better'n I ever could. Kin see the moister in yer eyes, pard, an' see the crooked path I've come, runnin' clean back to my mother's knee. I wasn't allus called Rough. Somebody used to kiss me, an' call me her boy: nobody'll ever know I've kep' it till the end."

"I hev wanted to ax ye, mate, why ye never had any name but jist Rough?"

"Pard — it's gettin' dark — my name? I've never heard it since I left home. I buried it thar in the little churchyard, whar mother's waitin' for the boy that never come back. I can't tell it, pard. In my kit you'll find a package done up. Thar's two picters in it of two faces that's been hoverin' over me since I took down. You'll find my name thar, pard — thar with hers — an' mother's."

"Hers? Will I ever see her, Rough?"

"Not till you see her by the light that comes over the Range to us all. Pard, it's gettin' dark — dark and close — darker than it ever seemed to me afore" —

"Rough, what's the matter? Speak to me, mate. Can't I do nuthin' fer ye?"

"Yes — pard. Can't ye — say — suthin'?"

"What d'ye mean, Rough? I'll say any thing to please ye."

"Say — a — pra'r, pard."

"A pra'r! Rough, d'ye mean it?"

"Yes, a pra'r, pard. It's the — last thing Rough'll ever — ax of ye."

"It's hard to do, Rough. I don't know a pra'r."

"Think back, pard. Didn't yer mother — teach ye — suthin'? One that begins — 'Our Father' — an' then — somehow — says — 'forgive us' — "

"Don't, Rough, ye break me all up."

"The light's a-fadin' — on the golden hills — an' the night is comin' — out of the canyuns — pard. Be quick — ye'll try, pard. Say suthin' — fer Rough " —

"I — Rough — Our Father, forgive us. Don't be hard on Rough. We're a tough lot. We've forgot ye, but we hain't all bad. 'Cause we hain't forgot the old home. Forgive us — be easy on Rough. Thy will be done " —

"It's comin' agin — pard. The light's — comin' — over the Range " —

"Have mercy on — us, an' — an' — an' — settle with us 'cordin' to — to the surroundin's of our lives. Thy — Thy kingdom come " —

"Go on, pard. It's comin'."

"Now — I lay me down to sleep."

"That's — good — mother said that."

"Hallowed be Thy name — pray — the Lord his soul to keep."

"That's good — pard. It's all glory — comin' over — the Range — mother's face — her — face " —

"Thine is the glory, we ask — for Jesus' sake — Amen."

"Pard " —

"What, Rough? I'm all unstrung. I " —

"Fare " —

"Rough! Yer worse! What, dead?"

Yes, the wanderings were over. Ended with a prayer, rough and sincere, like the heart that had ceased to throb; a prayer and a few real tears, even in that lone cabin in the cañon; truer than many a death scene knows, although a nation does honor to the dying; a prayer that pleased Him better than many a prayer of the schools and creeds. A rough but gentle hand closed the eyes. The first rays of the morning sun broke through a crevice in the little cabin, and hung like his mother's smile over the couch of the sleeping boy. Only one mourner watched with Rough as he waited for the new name which will be given to us all, when that light comes to the world from over the Range.

THE DRIVER OF NINETY-THREE.

STREET-CAR driver, "Ninety-three!"
Very weary and worn was he,
As he dragged himself to his little home;
Long, long hours from year to year,
Never a day for rest, no cheer,
In the woods or meadows in joy to roam.

All day through in tiresome round,
Wages scanty, and prospects bound
In a treadmill life from sun to sun,
Facing the winter's cold and sleet,
Facing the summer's burning heat,
With little to hope and little won.

The clothing was poor of "Ninety-three,"
And poor as well for the family;
But the wife was patient with gentle grace.
"I've watched all day by the baby's bed;
I think he is going, John," she said,
With an anxious look on her pallid face.

He gazed with pride on his baby boy.
"He is handsome, wife!" and a look of joy
Just for a moment dried the tears.
"How does he look in the glad daylight?
I have never seen him, except at night;"
And he sighed as he thought of the weary years.

Labor the blessing of life should be,
But it seemed like a curse to "Ninety-three,"
For twice too long were the toiling hours;
Never the time to improve the mind,
Or joy in his little ones to find:
Grasping and thoughtless are human powers.

All night long did the driver stay
By the beautiful child, then stole away,
Hoping, still hoping that God would save;
But when the sun in the heavens rose high,
The time had come for the baby to die,
And the mother had only an open grave.

"I must take a day," said "Ninety-three"
To the wealthy railroad company;
"I shall see the face of my child," he said.
Oh, bitter the thought to wait till death
Has whitened the cheek and stopped the breath,
Before we can see our precious dead!

With many a tear and half-moaned prayer,
With apple-blossoms among his hair,
They buried the child of their fondest love;
And the man went back to the treadmill life
With a kindlier thought for his stricken wife.
Ah, well, there's a reckoning day above!

Sarah K. Bolton.

METAMORA TO THE COUNCIL.

You sent for me, and I've come: if you have nothing to say, I go back again. How is it, brothers? The doubt seems on all your faces, and your young warriors grasp their fire-weapons, as if they waited the onset of the foe. You were like a small thing upon the great waters; you had no earth to rest upon; you left the smoke of your father's wigwam far in the distance, when the lord of the soil took you as little children to his home; our hearths were warm, and the Indian was the white man's friend. Your great Book tells you to give good gifts. The Indian needs no book: the Great Spirit has written with his finger on his heart. Wisconego here? let me see his eye! Art thou not he whom I snatched from the war-club of the Mohegan, when the lips of the foe thirsted for thy blood, and their warriors had sung thy death-song? Say unto these people that they have bought thy tongue, and that thy coward heart has uttered a lie. Slave of the whites, go! (*stabs him*) follow Sassawan! White man, beware! the wrath of the wronged Indian shall fall on you like a mighty cataract that dashes the uprooted oak down its mighty chasm; the dread war-cry shall start you from dreams at night, and the red hatchet gleam in the blaze of your burning dwellings. Tremble, from the east to the west, from the north to the south, till the lands you have stolen groan beneath your feet! (*Throws hatchet on stage.*) Thus do I smite your nation, and defy your power!

HOW THE RANSOM WAS PAID.

1598.

On the helpless Flemish village
Cruel Alva swooped and fell;
And the peace of trade and tillage
Turned to martial clank and yell.
In the town-house, tall and handsome,
Stood the great duke looking down
On the burghers proffering ransom
For the safety of the town.

O'er his brow gray locks were twining,
For his casque was laid aside,
And his good sword carved and shining
From the sword-belt was untied.
Prince he seemed of born commanders;
Pride and power each gesture told;
As he cried, "Ye men of Flanders,
Bring me twenty casks of gold!"

Then upon them fell a sadness,
And a shadow like a pall,
While they murmured, "'Tis rank madness
Such a sum from us to call!"
And the spokesman of the village
Murmured feebly, "Sure you jest."
Answered Alva, "Gold or pillage,
Choose whiche'er may suit you best!"

Faint and stunned they turned despairing,
When arose a laugh of joy,
And before their startled staring
In there pranced a little boy;
On his curls the duke's helm rested,
As with noisy glee he roared,
And his good steed mailed and crested
Was great Alva's mighty sword!

Round about the room he gambolled,
Peeping through the helmet bars;
Now he leaped, and now he ambled,
Like a Cupid mocking Mars.
Then he stayed his merry prancing,
And of Alva's knees caught hold,
Where a ray of sunlight glancing
Turned his sunny curls to gold.

Swift the mother, sorely frightened,
Strove to take the cherub wild;
But the duke's stern features lightened
As he kept her from the child;
And he drank the pretty prattle —
For the baby knew no fear —
Till his eye, so fierce in battle,
Softened with a pearly tear.

For a babe arose before him
In fair Spain, ere war's alarms, —
Thus his father's sword upbore him.
Alva caught the boy in arms,
And, the pretty forehead baring,
Cried, "A kiss!" The child obeyed;
Then unto those men despairing
Alva said, "Your ransom's paid."

W. R. Rose, in Texas Siftings.

RE-ENLISTED.

Oh did you see him in the street, dressed up in army blue,
When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music threw, —
A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air, —
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear?

You didn't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him, then, perhaps,
To see the mounted officers rigged out with trooper caps,
And shiny clothes, and sashes, and epaulets and all.
It wasn't for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam, —
"I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am."
And if a better man than he there's mother that can show,
From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation know.

You would not pick him from the rest by eagles or by stars,
By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver bars,
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted; but there's something in his face,
And something in his even step, a-marching in his place, —

That couldn't be improved by all the badges in the land:
A patriot, and a good, strong man; are generals much more grand?
We rest our pride on that big heart, wrapt up in army blue,
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love him too.

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he's run,
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of sixty-one;
Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fretted once, my Sam,
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam.

Though many a time he's told us, when he saw them lying dead,
The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and Marblehead,
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept on by the sky,
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more's the need the country has of me:
To live and fight the war all through, what glory it will be!
The Rebel balls don't hit me; and, mother, if they should,
You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always stood."

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed:
I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed
Of walking with her nights so bright you couldn't see a star,
And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbor bar.

The stars that shine above the stripes, they light him
southward now;
The tide of war has swept him back; he's made a solemn
vow
To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is
done:
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be, —
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the
sea.
The boy not work his father's farm? it seems almost a shame;
But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me name.

He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for death;
A soldier's grave, perhaps! the thought has half-way stopped
my breath,
And driven a cloud across the sun. My boy, it will not be!
The war will soon be over, home again you'll come to me.

He's re-enlisted; and I smiled to see him going too!
There's nothing that becomes him half so well as army blue.
Only a private in the ranks! but sure I am, indeed,
If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely captains
need.

And I and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth, —
The grand old State! to me the best in all the peopled earth!
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can;
And I'm proud, for Freedom's sake, to be the mother of a
man. *Lucy Larcom.*

SHE STOOD ON THE STAIR.

She stood at the turn of the stair,
With the rose-tinted light on her face,
And the gold of her hair gleaming out
From a mystical billow of lace.

And I waited and watched her apart,
And a mist seemed to compass my sight;
For last year we were nearer than friends,
And to me she was nothing to-night.

And the jasmine she wore at her throat
Was heavy with fragrance, and cast
The sorrowful present away,
And carried me back to the past.

Yes, her face is as proud and as sweet,
And the flowers are the same as of old.
Is her voice just as gentle and low?
Is her heart just as cruel and cold?

Does she dream of one summer ago,
As she stands on the rose-tinted stair?
Does she think of her Newport romance,
While she buttons her long mosquetaire?

And some one is singing a song,
And high o'er the music it rings,
And she listens and leans from the stair,
For these are the words that it sings: —

"Oh, love for a month or a week,
Oh, love for a year or a day;
But, oh for the love that will live —
That will linger forever and aye!"

There's a stillness — the music has stopped,
And she turns with an indolent grace:
Am I waking, or still do I dream,
Or is there a tear on her face?

Then I step from the shadow apart,
Till I stand by her side on the stair:
One step to the flowers and light
From the darkness and gloom of despair.

And I take both her hands in my own,
And I look in her eyes once again, —
And I shiver and tremble and shake
When I think what a fool I have been.

And I stamp and I claw at the air,
And rave at myself for a spell;
For it isn't the girl, after all,
That I met at the Newport hotel.

Puck.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it, —
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen
The old folks sit in the sun
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone,
And the old wife's ears are failing
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal, —
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter-time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of springtime's prime.

And, looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done.
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished springtime
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair, —
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there, —

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no telltale tombstone,
With its age and date to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A LITTLE PEACH.

A LITTLE peach in an orchard grew, —
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue.
Them two.

Up at the peach a club they threw:
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue.
Brand New!

She took a bite, and John a chew;
And then the trouble began to brew, —
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew,
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew.
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE WITH A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL-PAPERS.

"DEAR me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box, and the brown-paper parcel, having been conveyed to his bedroom, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good-night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell; and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client; and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to

convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep; so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down-stairs.

Now, this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat, for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state at present. The possibility of going to sleep unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and, taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down-stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend; and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within, of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in — right at last! There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket just as he closed the door after him. "No

matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well, by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood, one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth, and, slowly tying on his tasselled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the nightcap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings, — "it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the very best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up-stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor, with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side.

To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic light-house in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met any thing so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite necessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him; but he had tied those confounded strings in a knot, and, do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly, —

"Ha — hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound, was evi-

dent by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination, was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha — hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's — it's — only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady. Another instant, and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am" — said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "ma'am."

Now, although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase; and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's nightcap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am, — nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically, that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap

(here the lady hastily snatched off hers), but I can't get it off, ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, ma'am. I — I — am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment, under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am; this instant, ma'am." said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this" — But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him. *Dickens.*

THE DEATH OF D'ASSAS.

[In the autumn of 1760, Louis XV. sent an army into Germany. They took up a strong position at Klostercamp, intending to advance on Rheinberg. The young Chevalier D'Assas was sent out by Auvergne to reconnoitre. He met a party advancing to surprise the French camp. Their bayonets pricked his breast, and the leader whispered, "Make the least noise, and you are a dead man." D'Assas paused a moment, then cried out as loud as he could, "Here, Auvergne! here are the enemy!" He was immediately cut down, but his death had saved the French army. — *History of France.*]

THERE'S revelry at Louis' court. With joust and tournament,
With feasting and with laughter, the merry days are spent;
And midst them all, those gallant knights, of Louis' court the boast,
Who can compare with D'Assas among the brilliant host?
The flush of youth is on his cheek; the fire that lights his eye
Tells of the noble heart within, the spirit pure and high.
No braver knight holds charger's reign, or wields the glittering lance,
Than proud and lordly D'Assas, bold chevalier of France.

The sound of war strikes on the air from far beyond the Rhine,
Its clarions ring across the fields, rich with the purple vine.
France calls her best and bravest: "Up, men, and take the sword!
Of German vales and hillsides, Louis would fain be lord;
Go forth, and for your sovereign win honor and renown;
Plant the white flag of Ivry on valley and on town.
The green soil of the Fatherland shall see your arms advance,
The dull and stolid Teuton shall bend the knee to France."

On Klostercamp the morning sun is glancing brightly down.
Auvergne has ranged his forces within the ancient town.
From thence on Rheinberg shall they move: that citadel so grim
Shall yield her towers to Auvergne, shall ope her gates to him.

His warriors stand about him, a bold and gallant band,
No general e'er had truer men to follow his command.
He seeks the best and bravest; on D'Assas falls his glance, —
On brave and lordly D'Assas, bold chevalier of France.

"Advance, my lord," cried Auvergne; D'Assas is at his side.
"Of all the knights who form my train, who 'neath my banner ride,
None hold the place of trust the king our sovereign gives to thee, —
Wilt thou accept a fearful charge that death or fame shall be?
"Wilt thou, O D'Assas! ride to-night close to the foemen's line,
And see what strength he may oppose to these proud hosts of mine?"
Then D'Assas bows his stately head. "Thy will shall soon be done.
Back will I come with tidings full e'er dawns the morning sun."

'Tis midnight. D'Assas rideth forth upon his well-tried steed.
Auvergne hath made a worthy choice for this adventurous deed.
But stop! what means this silent host? How stealthily they come!
No martial music cleaves the air, no sound of beaten drum.
Like spectre forms they seem to glide before his wondering eyes;
Well hath he done, the wary foe, to plan this wild surprise.
Back D'Assas turns; but ah! too late, — a lance is laid in rest:
The knight can feel its glittering point against his corselet prest.

"A Frenchman! Hist!" A heavy hand has seized his bridle-rein.
"Hold close thy lips, my gallant spy; one word, and thou art slain.

What brought thee here? Dost thou not know this is the
Fatherland?
How dar'st thou stain our righteous earth with thy foul
Popish band?
Wouldst guard thy life, then utter not one sound above thy
breath;
A whisper, and thy dainty limbs shall make a meal for
Death.
Within thy heart these blades shall find the black blood of
thy race,
And none shall ever know or dream of thy last resting-
place."

Calm as a statue D'Assas stands. His heart he lifts on high.
"The God of battles! help me now, and teach me how to die.
A weeping maid will mourn my fate, a sovereign holds me
dear;
Be to them ever more than I who perish sadly here."
No word has passed his pallid lips, no sound his voice has
made.
'Twas but the utterance of his heart, this prayer the soldier
prayed.
But then? ah, then! No voice on earth e'er rang more
loud and clear:
"Auvergne!" he cried, "Auvergne, Auvergne! Behold! the
foe is here!"

The forest echoes with the shout. Appalled his captors
stand.
The courage of that dauntless heart has stayed each mur-
derous hand.
A moment's pause, — then who can tell how quick their
bayonets' thrust
Reached D'Assas' heart, and laid him there, a helpless heap
of dust!
The bravest chevalier of France, the pride of Louis' train, —
His blood bedews that alien earth, a flood of crimson rain.
But Auvergne — Auvergne hears the cry; his troops come
dashing on:
Ere D'Assas' spirit leaves its clay, the victory has been won.

Mary E. Vandyne, in Good Cheer.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

Soldiers, pass on from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! by all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart,
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine.
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,
For death made him noble to me.
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands.
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line:
You may take for your hero the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine.

H. S. Taylor, in The Century.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

Let me tell you a tale that was once told to me;
And although it was told me in prose at the time,
I will give it a metrical dressing, and see
If the story will lose any reason by rhyme.

There came to the store in a village, one day,
A long and lank stranger in homespun arrayed;
And "Good-mornin'," said he in a diffident way,
"I've jes' come up to town for a bit of a trade."

The proprietor nodded, and cheerily spoke, —
"Well, what can I do for you, neighbor, and how?"
"Wal, one of wife's knittin'-needles ez broke,
An' she wants me to git one — how much be they, now?"

"They're two cents apiece." — "Wal, say, mister, look here:
I've got a fresh egg, an' my wife sez to me,
'Swap the egg for the needle;' it seems a bit queer.
But the thing's about even — it's a big un, yer see."

Said the storekeeper presently, "Well, I don't mind."
He laid down the needle, and put the egg by —
When the countryman blurted out, "Ain't yer inclined
To treat a new customer? Fact is, I'm dry."

Though staggered a little, it must be confessed,
By the "customer" coming it rather too free,
Yet, smilingly granting the modest request,
The dealer responded, "Well, what shall it be?"

"Wal, a drop of Madairy I reckon 'ul pass:
I've been used ter thet, see, ever since I was born."
The storekeeper handed a bottle and glass,
And his customer poured out a generous horn.

For a moment he eyed the gratuitous dram
With the air of a man who must something resign;
Then blandly remarked, "Do you know that I am
Very partial to mixing an egg in my wine?"

"Oh, well, let us finish this matter, I beg:
You're very particular, though, I must say,"
The storekeeper muttered, and handed an egg —
The identical one he had taken in pay.

On the rim of the tumbler the man broke the shell —
"It's cert'inly handsome, the way yer treat folk:"
He opened it deftly, and plumply it fell
With a splash, and no wonder — it held double yolk!

The customer saw, and a long breath he drew:
"Look, mister, that egg has two yolks, I declare!
Instead of one needle, I've paid yer for two,
So hand me another, an' then we'll be square!"

William L. Keese, in Our Continent.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

LET me tell you why I am interested in the labor question. Not simply because of the long hours of labor; not simply because of a specific oppression of a class. I sympathize with the sufferers there: I am ready to fight on their side. But I look out upon Christendom, with its three hundred millions of people; and I see, that, out of this number of people, one hundred millions never had enough to eat. Physiologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You cannot make a bright or a good man in a starved body; and so this one-third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be what they should be. Now, I say that the social civilization which condemns every third man in it to be below the average in the nourishment God prepared for him, did not come from above: it came from below; and, the sooner it goes down, the better. Come on this side of the ocean. You will find forty millions of people, and I suppose they are in the highest state of civilization; and yet it is not too much to say, that, out of that forty millions, ten millions at least, who get up in the morning and go to bed at night, spend all the day in the mere effort to get bread enough to live. They have not elasticity enough, mind or body, left, to do any thing in the way of intellectual or moral progress.

I believe in the temperance movement. I am a temperance man of nearly forty years' standing; and I think it one of the grandest things in the world, because it holds the basis of self-control. Intemperance is the cause of poverty, I know; but there is another side to that: poverty is the cause of intemperance. Crowd a man with fourteen hours' work a day, and you crowd him down to a mere animal life. You have eclipsed his aspirations, dulled his tastes, stunted his intellect, and made him a mere tool, to work fourteen hours, and catch a thought in the interval; and, while a man in a hundred will rise to be a genius, ninety-nine will cower down under the circumstances.

That is why I say, lift a man, give him life, let him work eight hours a day, give him the school, develop his taste for music, give him a garden, give him beautiful things to see, and good books to read, and you will starve out those lower appetites. Give a man a chance to earn a good living, and you may save his life.

If you want power in this country; if you want to make yourselves felt; if you do not want your children to wait long years before they have the bread on the table they ought to have, the leisure in their lives they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have; if you don't want to wait yourselves, — write on your banner, so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it, "We never forget! If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget; if there is a division in Congress, and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees, and say, 'I am sorry I did the act;' and we will say, 'It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave never.'" So that a man, in taking up the labor question, will know he is dealing with a hair-trigger pistol, and will say, "I am to be true to justice and to man: otherwise I am a dead duck." *Wendell Phillips.*

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas a maiden full of knowledge,
Though she'd scarcely passed eighteen;
She was lovely as an angel,
Though of grave and sober mien;

A sweet encyclopædia
Of every kind of lore;
And love looked coyly from behind
The glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover,
With her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon
The slumbering summer sea.

Until he broke the silence,
Saying, "Pray inform me, dear,
What people mean when speaking
Of the Thingness of the Here.

"I know you're just from Concord,
Where the lights of wisdom be;
Your head crammed full to bursting, love,
With their philosophy, —

"Those grave and reverend sages,
And maids of hosiery blue.
Then solve me the conundrum, dear,
That I have put to you."

The maid replied with gravity, —
"The Thingness of the Here
Is that which lies between the past
And future time, my dear.

"Indeed," the maid continued, with
A calm, unruffled brow,
"The Thingness of the Here is just
The Thisness of the Now."

The lover smiled a loving smile,
And then he fondly placed
A manly and protecting arm
Around the maiden's waist;

And on her rosebud lips impressed
A warm and loving kiss,
And said, "That's what I call, my dear,
The Nowness of the This."

Geo. Runde Jackson.

THE FLAG.

AN INCIDENT OF STRAIN'S EXPEDITION.

I NEVER have got the bearings quite,
Though I've followed the course for many a year,
If he was crazy, clean outright,
Or only what you might say was "queer."

He was just a simple sailor man.
I mind it as well as yisterday,
When we messed aboard of the old "Cyane."
Lord! how the time does slip away!
That was five and thirty year ago,
When ships was ships, and men was men,
And sailors wasn't afraid to go
To sea in a Yankee vessel then.
He was only a sort of bosun's mate,
But every inch of him taut and trim;
Stars and anchors and togs of state
Tailors don't build for the likes of him.
He flew a no-account sort of name,
A reg'lar fo'castle "Jim" or "Jack,"
With a plain "McGinnis" abaft the same,
Giner'ly reefed to simple "Mack."
Mack, we allowed, was sorter queer —
Ballast or compass wasn't right;
Till he licked four juicers, one day, a fear
Prevailed that he hadn't larned to fight.
But I reckoned the captain knowed his man,
When he put the flag in his hand the day
That we went ashore from the old "Cyane,"
On a madman's cruise for Darien Bay.

Forty days in the wilderness
We toiled and suffered and starved with Strain.
Losing the number of many a mess
In the Devil's swamps of the Spanish Main.
All of us starved, and many died.
One lay down, in his dull despair;
His stronger messmate went to his side, —
We left them both in the jungle there.

It was hard to part with shipmates so;
But standing by would have done no good.
We heard them moaning all day, so slow
We dragged along through the weary wood.
McGinnis, he suffered the worst of all;
Not that he ever piped his eye,
Or wouldn't have answered to the call
If they'd sounded it for "All hands to die."
I guess 'twould have sounded for him before,
But the grit inside of him kept him strong,
Till we met relief on the river shore;
And we all broke down when it came along.

All but McGinnis. Gaunt and tall,
Touching his hat, and standing square:
"Captain, the flag" . . . And that was all.
He just keeled over and foundered there.
The flag? We thought he had lost his head, —
It mightn't be much to lose at best, —
Till we came, by and by, to dig his bed,
And we found it folded around his breast.
He lay so calm and smiling there,
With the flag wrapped tight around his heart —
Maybe he saw his course all fair,
Only we couldn't read the chart.

James Jeffrey Roche.

BECAUSE.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth
Where Cupid's hosts abide;
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas nothing, — don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so.

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure

Is punishment. So come, stand up;
Transgressions must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.
"Now, Mary, you must tell me all,—
I see that John will not,—
And if he's been unkind or rude
I'll whip him on the spot."

"We — we were playin' p-prisoners' base,
An' h-he is s-such a t-tease,
An' w-when I w-wasn't l-lookin', ma'am,
H-he kissed me — if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged:
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love!
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John:
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl — at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands:
A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips;
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard," —
The stick stops in its fall,
"It wasn't right to do it, but
It didn't hurt at all."
"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school noise makes a pause,
And out upon the listening air
From Mary comes, "Because."

Boston Transcript.

TOGETHER ON THE STAIRS.

They sat together on the stairs,
Far up where there was shade:
'Twas not because there were no chairs
To sit on, I'm afraid.

Some time they had been sitting there
Alone, while others danced,
And people, coming out for air
'Tween dances, often glanced

Up at them, while they seemed to be
Oblivious of remark,
And sat like two birds in a tree,
Within a shady park.

To eyes that saw them from below,
They looked a loving pair:
The many signs which lovers show
They seemed to show up there.

At least, that is the way, to chaps
Who sauntered in the hall,
Things looked; but then, of course, perhaps,
'Twas nothing after all.

For, though on spooning they seemed bent,
Regardless how time flew,
'Twas possible that "distance lent
Enchantment to the view."

His face bent down until her brow
Seemed touched by his mustache,
While she smiled on him — well, just how
A girl smiles on her mash.

He whispered something low and sweet,
And pointed down to where
Two little blue-silk-slippered feet
Were making people stare.

She blushed, and thrust one farther out,
As if for him to see;
A look of pain o'ercame her pout:
What ever could it be?

"Sure, never did a girl with man
So brazenly coquette
In public," said, behind her fan,
Each other girl you met.

I'll own appearances, indeed,
Were much against the maid;
But, as in many things we heed,
Of harm there was no shade.

How this I know, I'll tell to you:
I chanced to stand quite near
Upon the stairs, behind the two,
And then to overhear.

A long time passed, while neither spoke,
And then at last said he, —
"I'm sick of this: I'm sure you joke;
Your foot's quite well, I see.

"You could, if you but cared to try,
With me come down and dance."
Now, notice how her quick reply
Destroys the scene's romance.

"Perhaps you think my foot's all right;
But, sure as you are born,
I wish you wore my slippers tight,
And had — just there — that corn."

Andrew G. Tubbs.

THE CHRISTENING.

No, I won't forgive our parson — not down to my dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say;
But to christen my boy, my baby, with such an orful name!
Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he was to blame.

You see, it happened in this way: There was father, an' Uncle Si,
An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the pie, —
Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no voice;
But the more they talked an' argied, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Semanthy" — this was father — "you'd best take pattern by mother,
For she named thirteen children, 'thout any such fuss or bother:
As soon as she diskivered that family names was too few,
Why, she just fell back on the Bible, as perfessers air bound to do."

"Semanthy" — this was Reuben — "most any one else could see,
That, bein' as I'm his father, he orter be named for me.
You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm old-fashioned too:
Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of us suited you."

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye what:
Just name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-acre lot.
I'll make out the deed to-morrer; an' then, when I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so meek an' mild, —
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest child;
He died on his second birthday. The others are grown-up men,
But Jotham is still my baby: he has never grown since then.
His hair was soft and curlin', eyes blue as blue could be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him back to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on saying *No*,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly made
me cry.
For I'd planned to name the darlin' Augustus Percival Guy.
Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an' grand!
He might 'a' held up his head then with the proudest in the
land.
But *now*— Well, 'tisn't no wonder, when I look at that
blessed child,
An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't be recon-
ciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath mornin' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Christian name.
Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin' there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the prayer,
For of half a dozen babies, mine was the finest of all;
An' they had sech common names too! But pride must
have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown, bendin' his
head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ full
an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as ef he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was gittin' red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm 'feared I
haven't caught it."
"*Jee—hoshaphat!*" says Uncle Si, out loud, before he thought
it.

The parson — he's near-sighted — he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But *that* word did the business; an' before I got my breath
That boy was named JEHOSHAPHAT. I felt a' most like
death.
I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder
smile.
I've never, *never* called him by that name, an' never will,
An' I *can't* forgive old Parson Brown, though I bear him no
ill-will.

E. T. Corbett, in Harper's.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred!

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high:
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding the fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh the wild howls they wrought!
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

— *Audre's Journal.*

FILLING HIS PLACE.

Young Rip Van Winkle took into his head
To go on a cruise round the world, he said;

And in three years' time he would come once more,
And all would go on as it had before.

What a blank he left, alack and alack!
But the years went round till they brought him back.

And one lazy day in the last of June
Stood a sunburnt sailor, humming a tune,

And watching them play on the cricket-ground.
He was champion once of the country round;

But that brawny lad with the laughing face,
It was plain to see, was filling his place;

And with half a sigh he turned him away,
Saying, "It matters not, it is naught but play."

And he took the road to the old grist-mill,
Where his place, he knew, they could never fill;

For he'd miss him sore, the miller declared,
And his own right hand could be better spared.

The miller had found, on the day he sailed,
A good honest lad, who had never failed.

"Well, all men can work, but all cannot sing.
I'll sit in the choir; and they'll know the ring

"Of my voice again, for the girls did say
'Twould break up the choir when I went away."

Has it lost the ring that it had of old?
For they look askance, and with glances cold;

And the girls declare, with a pretty pout,
That the stranger there, he has put them out.

What matters it, though, when trifles befall?
One sweet hope is left, that is better than all:

His neighbors and friends may all have forgot,
But sweet Mary Ann, he is sure, has not.

She gave him a rose when he sailed away:
He'll show her that rose when he goes to-day.

How glad she will be, after waiting so long,
To see him again so hearty and strong!

Alas for the sailor! alas for the rose!
They've gone round the world, and this is the close:

"You have stayed too long, you have stayed too long,
Had you come before," — this was all her song, —

"You had found my heart but an empty nest,
And ready to welcome its truant guest.

Go, bring the dead rose to life if you can,
But your place is filled by a better man."

And sadder and wiser he went his way,
But he kept that rose to his dying day.

Maria L. Eve.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that feels the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state:
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record to a well-filled past, —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

CASABIANCA (Colored).

One darky stood in the 'backer patch,
Whence all the rest had fled;
While the mule-heels, clods, and green worms flew
A-whizzing round his head.

Savory, stout, and black he stood,
As born to work a farm,
While gaping mouth and bulging eyes
Betokened his alarm.

That mule kicked hard: he wouldn't leave
"Unless de boss said so."
"De boss," unconscious of his plight,
Had gone off to the show.

The darky yelled, "See here, boss, say!
Mus' I lef dis mule go?"
Just then the boss was miles away,
And Cuffee called out "Whoa!"

Quite thick and fast a cloud of dust
Arose towards the sky,
And filled the darky's eyes and nose
Like flour off hotel pie.

"Say, boss!" again poor Cuffee cried,
"Ef 'tain't mos' time I'se gone?"
Naught but the clattering hoofs replied,
As the agile mule kicked on.

At last there came a thunderous crash
That made the earth resound;
And when the dust and débris passed,
The mule could not be found.

That fateful last terrific kick
Had struck on Cuffee's head;
And now the mule, a shattered wreck,
Lay far off, limp and dead.

MARY'S LAMB ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.

Mollie had a little ram as black as rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day; the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again: alas! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat he stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose, and went for that 'ere sheep: several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door, with curses long and loud; while rammy struck the hindmost man, and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he said, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently, called, "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Rammy, rammy, ram — best sheepy in the town."

The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose from off his feet; and when the parson landed, he was behind the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town — I think 'twas "Yuba Dam."

CUT, CUT BEHIND.

VHEN shnow und ice vas on der ground,
Und merry shleigh-bells shingle;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas peen around,
Und make mine oldt ears tingle —
I hear dhose roguish gamins say,
"Let shoy pe unconfined!"
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
Und yell, "Cut, cut pehind!"

It makes me shust feel young some more,
To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
Py shings! I shust vould — Vell,
Vhen some oldt pung was coomin' py,
I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump right in upon der shly,
Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
Vonce vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
Und fool of life und shoy.
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
"Or else shust bear in mind,
I dake you righdt across my knee,
Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
Und mine young Yawcob too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
Shust like I used to do;
Und ven der pungs coom py mine house,
I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
Cut, cut, cut, cut, pehind!"

Charles Follen Adams, in Harper's.

SCENE FROM ION.

CHARACTERS.

ADRASTUS. CRYTHES.

ADRASTUS *discovered.* — CRYTHES *introducing* ION.

Cry. The king!
Ad. Stranger, I bid thee welcome:
We are about to tread the same dark passage,
Thou almost on the instant. — Is the sword [*To* CRYTHES.
Of justice sharpened, and the headsman ready?
Cry. Thou mayst behold them plainly in the court;
Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground,
The steel gleams on the altar, and the slave
Disrobes himself for duty.
Ad. (*to* ION) Dost thou see them?
Ion. I do.
Ad. By Heaven! he does not change.
If, even now, thou wilt depart, and leave
Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.
Ion. I thank thee for thy offer; but I stand

Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich
In all that makes life precious to the brave;
Who perish not alone, but in their fall
Break the far-spreading tendrils that they feed,
And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me
For them, I am content to speak no more.

Ad. Thou hast thy wish, then. — Crythes ! till yon dial
Casts its thin shadow on the approaching hour,
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us.

Cry. What, alone?

Ad. Yes, slave, alone:
He is no assassin! [*Exit* CRYTHES.
Tell me who thou art.
What generous source owns that heroic blood,
Which holds its course thus bravely? What great wars
Have nursed the courage that can look on death —
Certain and speedy death — with placid eye?

Ion. I am a simple youth who never bore
The weight of armor; one who may not boast
Of noble birth, or valor of his own.
Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak
In thy great presence, and have made my heart,
Upon the verge of bloody death, as calm,
As equal in its beatings, as when sleep
Approached me nestling from the sportive toils
Of thoughtless childhood, and celestial forms
Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows
Of soft oblivion, — to belong to me!
These are the strengths of Heaven; to thee they speak,
Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry,
Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come!

Ad. I know it must; so mayst thou spare thy warnings.
The envious gods in me have doomed a race,
Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts
Whence their own dawn upon the infant world;
And I shall sit on my ancestral throne
To meet their vengeance; but till then I rule
As I have ever ruled, and thou wilt feel.

Ion. I will not further urge thy safety to thee;
It may be, as thou sayest, too late; nor seek
To make thee tremble at the gathering curse

Which shall burst forth in mockery at thy fall;
But thou art gifted with a nobler sense, —
I know thou art my sovereign! — sense of pain
Endured by myriad Argives, in whose souls,
And in whose fathers' souls, thou and thy fathers
Have kept their cherished state; whose heart-strings, still
The living fibres of thy rooted power,
Quiver with agonies thy crimes have drawn
From heavenly justice on them.

Ad. How! my crimes?

Ion. Yes; 'tis the eternal law, that where guilt is,
Sorrow shall answer it; and thou hast not
A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
The penalties of evil; for in thine,
A nation's fate lies circled. King Adrastus!
Steeled as thy heart is with the usages
Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
Oh, if maternal love embraced thee then,
Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
Glare o'er their perishing children; hast thou shared
The glow of a first friendship which is born
'Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings; let the spirit
Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity!

Ad. In every word thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted: parents, brother, kin —
All that should people infancy with joy —
Conspired to poison mine; despoiled my life
Of innocence and hope, — all but the sword
And sceptre. Dost thou wonder at me now?

Ion. I know that we should pity —

Ad. Pity! Dare
To speak that word again, and torture waits thee!
I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on;
The time is short, and I am pledged to hear.

Ion. If thou hast ever loved —

Ad. Beware! beware!

Ion. Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not marble,
And thou shalt hear me! Think upon the time
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,

As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touched the calm lake, and wreathed its images
In sparkling waves; recall the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loath to lose in certainty too blest
Its happy being; taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When pansied turf was air to wingèd feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light,
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

Ad. That tone! that tone!
Whence came it? from thy lips? It cannot be
The long-hushed music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And waked my soul to blessing. O sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come! your glories break
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds.
Roll on! roll on! — Stranger, thou dost enforce me
To speak of things unbreathed by lip of mine
To human ear: wilt listen?

Ion. As a child.

Ad. Again! that voice again! Thou hast seen me moved
As never mortal saw me, by a tone
Which some light breeze, enamoured of the sound,
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hushed, broke out in clamorous ecstasies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foamed with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thundered from a thousand throats,
My doom was sealed. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me, the nursling: "Woe unto the babe!
Against the life which now begins shall life,
Lighted from thence, be armed, and, both soon quenched,

End this great line in sorrow!" Ere I grew
Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
A second son was born, to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rifled: he became
My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth —
A prince's youth — the workings of the curse.
My very mother — Jove! I cannot bear
To speak it now — looked freezingly upon me.

Ion. But thy brother —

Ad. Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
The common lie that every peasant tells
Of me, his master, — that I slew the boy.
'Tis false! One summer's eve, below a crag
Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,
He lay a mangled corpse: the very slaves,
Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,
Now coined their own injustice into proofs
To brand me as his murderer.

Ion. Did they dare
Accuse thee?

Ad. Not in open speech: they felt
I should have seized the miscreant by the throat,
And crushed the lie half-spoken with the life
Of the base speaker: but the tale looked out
From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which shrank
When mine have met them; murmured through the crowd
That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,
Stood distant from me; burnt into my soul,
When I beheld it in my father's shudder!

Ion. Didst not declare thy innocence?

Ad. To whom?
To parents who could doubt me? To the ring
Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
Who should have studied to prevent my wish
Before it grew to language; hailed my choice
To service as a prize to wrestle for;
And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,
Pale with proud anger, till from lips compressed
The blood has started? To the common herd,
The vassals of our ancient house, the mass
Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil

A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it;
Or, decked for slaughter at their master's call,
To smite, and to be smitten, and lie crushed
In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?
Answer to them? No! though my heart had burst,
As it was nigh to bursting! To the mountains
I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
My spirit's fever; struggled with the oak
In search of weariness, and learned to rive
Its stubborn boughs, till limbs once lightly strung
Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;
Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air
Headlong committed, clove the water's depth
Which plummet never sounded, — but in vain.

Ion. Yet succor came to thee?

Ad. A blessed one!
Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,
And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
Were in a wood-encircled valley stayed
By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely, more than loveliness revealed
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seemed
Than happiness to spirit seared like mine.
With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
The body of her aged sire, whose death
Left her alone. I aided her sad work;
And soon two lonely ones by holy rites
Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,
In streamlike unity flowed silent by us
In our delightful nest. My father's spies —
Slaves, whom my nod should have consigned to stripes
Or the swift falchion — tracked our sylvan home,
Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

Ion. Urged by thy trembling parents to avert
That dreadful prophecy.

Ad. Fools! did they deem
Its worst accomplishment could match the ill
Which they wrought on me? It had left unharmed
A thousand ecstasies of passioned years,
Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain

Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold
That son with knife uplifted at my heart,
A moment ere my life-blood followed it,
I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us — seized the child —
Dashed through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood still,
As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,
Pressed by the rudeness of the murderer's grip,
Severer ill unfearing — then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him forever;
And could not stir to save him!

Ion. And the mother?

Ad. She spake no word; but clasped me in her arms,
And laid her down to die! A lingering gaze
Of love she fixed on me, — none other loved, —
And so passed from hence. By Jupiter! her look,
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in't. Bear with me — I am childish.

Enter CRYTHES *and* GUARDS.

Why art thou here?

Cry. The dial points the hour.

Ad. Dost thou not see that horrid purpose passed?
Hast thou no heart — no sense?

Cry. Scarce half an hour
Hath flown since the command on which I wait.

Ad. Scarce half an hour! Years, years have rolled since then.
Begone! Remove that pageantry of death;
It blasts my sight. And hearken! Touch a hair
Of this brave youth, or look on him as now,
With thy cold headsman's eye, and yonder band
Shall not expect a fearful show in vain.
Hence! without a word. [*Exit* CRYTHES.
What wouldst thou have me do?

Ion. Let thy awakened heart speak its own language:
Convene thy sages; frankly, nobly meet them;

Explore with them the pleasure of the gods,
And whatsoe'er the sacrifice, perform it.
Ad. Well, I will seek their presence in an hour:
Go summon them, young hero! Hold! no word
Of the strange passion thou hast witnessed here.
Ion. Distrust me not. — Benignant powers! I thank ye!
[*Exit.*
Ad. Yet stay! — He's gone — his spell is on me yet;
What have I promised him? To meet the men
Who from my living head would strip the crown,
And sit in judgment on me? I must do it.
Yet shall my band be ready to o'erawe
The cause of liberal speech, and if it rise
So as too loudly to offend my ear,
Strike the rash brawler dead! What idle dream
Of long-past days had melted me? It fades —
It vanishes — I am again a king.

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd.

MISSING.

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old sward,
And the winds and the birds and the limpid brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and shadows cross,
Through the flickering fringe of the willow, —
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in a Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart;
One hand thrown over his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough;
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow, —
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great, pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise;
And the lizard glides through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in paradise!
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow,
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind,
May breathe the tale of the hollow;
Alas! alas!
The secret's safe with the woodland grass.

DECORATION DAY.

Down by the clear river's side they wandered,
Hand in hand, on that perfect day;
He was young, handsome, brave, and tender,
She more sweet than the flowers of May.

He looked on her with brown eyes adoring,
Watching her blushes grow soft and deep;
"Darling," he said, with tones imploring,
"Shall we not ever the memory keep

"Of this bright day, so happy, so holy;
This sweetest hour my life has e'er known,
When you, dear, speaking gently and slowly,
Answered me 'Yes,' when I called you my own?"

Fair was the sky, the sunset, the river,
Wind in the trees, the water's low psalm,
Bird-song, scent of wild roses. Oh, never
Was there an hour more blissful and calm!

Close in his arms he held her: the morrow
Would bring to their fond hearts parting and pain, —
After love's rapture, bitterest sorrow;
After May sunshine, gloom and the rain.

The country her sons to save her was calling:
He answered her summons, fearless and brave;
On to the front, where heroes were falling,
Love and all of life's promise he gave.

She by the hearth, through long hours slow measure,
Watched and yearned, and suffered and prayed;
Read o'er his letters, lovingly treasured,
Hoped his return, — to hope, half afraid.

"God is good," she said. "His love will infold him,
Protect him, and bring him safe to me again;
I shall hear him once more, in rapture behold him, —
Oh, blessed reward, for my waiting and pain!"

In camp, on the field, on marches long, weary,
Her face and her voice in his heart's inner shrine
He kept; they brightened his way when most dreary,
Lifted his life to the Life all divine.

He fell in the ranks, at awful Stone River,
Blood of our heroes made sacred that sod;
On battle's red tide his soul went out ever
Forward and upward, to meet with his God.

. . . . . .

Worn, grown old, yet tenderly keeping,
Every May month, sad tryst with her dead,
She knows not where her darling is sleeping,
She lays no garlands on his low bed.

All soldiers' graves claim her love and her blessing:
She decks them with flowers made sacred by tears;
Love of her heart for her soldier expressing,
"Love that is stronger than death," through the years.

Soon in the land of unfading beauty,
He, faithful knight of valor and truth,
She, living martyr to country and duty,
Shall find the sweetness and love of their youth.

Honor the dead with the richest oblation, —
Cover their graves with laurel and palm!
Honor the living for life's consecration, —
Give to their pierced hearts love's healing balm.

Mary Bassett Hussey.

WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

STRANGER here? Yes, come from Varmount,
Rutland County. You've hearn tell,
Mebbe, of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! Sho! Well, well!
You was born at Granville, was you?
Then you know Elisha Brown,
Him as runs the old meat-market
At the lower end of town?
Well, well, well! Born down in Granville,
And out here, so far away!
Stranger, I'm homesick already,
Though it's but a week to-day
Since I left my good wife standin'
Out there at the kitchen-door,
Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me,
And her eyes were runnin' o'er.
You must know old Albert Withers,
Henry Bull, and Ambrose Cole?
Know them all! And born in Granville?
Well, well, well! God bless my soul!
Sho! You're not old Isaac's nephew,
Isaac Green, down on the flat,
Isaac's oldest nephew, — Henry?
Well, I'd never thought of that!
Have I got a hundred dollars
I could loan you for a minute,
Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?
There's my wallet, — just that in it.
Hold on, though! You have ten, mebbe,
You could let me keep; you see,
I might chance to need a little
Betwixt now and half-past three.
Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;
Bring it round to the hotel.

So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?
Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!
— What! Policeman! Did you call me?
That a rascal going there?
Well, sir, do you know, I thought so,
And I played him pretty fair;
Hundred-dollar bill I gave him, —
Counterfeit, — and got his ten!
Ten ahead! No! You don't tell me!
This bad too? Sho! Sold again!

THE RAJAH'S CLOCK.

Rajah Balpoora, Prince of Jullinder,
Reigned in the land where the Five Rivers ran;
A lordly tyrant, with none to hinder
His wildest pleasure or maddest plan.
His hall was beauty, his throne was splendor,
His meat was dainties of every zone;
Nor ever a joy that wealth can render,
His whimsical fancy left unknown.
For afar, in sight of his palace windows,
His realm was gardens on every hand;
And the feet of a hundred thousand Hindoos
Came and went at his least command.
But one thing, worthy his pride to show it,
Among his treasures, eclipsed them all;
'Twas the marvel of sage and the praise of poet, —
The wonderful clock in his palace hall.
Brain and fingers of matchless cunning
Patiently planned the strange machine, —
Framed, and balanced, and set it running,
With a living heart in its wheels unseen.
Behind the dial, the iron pallet
Counted the seconds; and just below
Hung a silver gong, and a brazen mallet
For every hour had a brazen blow;
And near, like windrowed leaves in the weather,
Or battle-wrecks at a charnel door,
Lay mock men's limbs all huddled together
In a shapeless heap on a marble floor.

And when the dial-hands, creeping, pointed
The smallest hour on the disk of day,
Click! from the piecemeal pile, rejointed,
A new-made manikin jumped away.
Nimble-handed, a small, trim figure,
Briskly he stooped where his work begun,
Seized a mallet with nervous vigor,
And loud on the echoing gong struck *one*.
Clang! and the hammer that made the clamor
Dropped, and lay where it lay before,
And the arms of the holder fell off at the shoulder,
And his head went rolling down to the floor,
And the little man tumbled, and cracked, and crumbled,
Till the human shape that he lately bore,
With a shiver and start all rattled apart,
And vanished — as if to rise no more.

Dead! ere the great bell's musical thunder
In the listening chambers throbbed away, —
No eye discovered the hidden wonder
(That dreaming under the ruins lay), —
Dead as the bones in the prophet's valley,
Waiting with never a stir or sound,
While the pendulum's tick, tick, tick, kept tally,
And the busy wheels of the clock went round, —
Till another hour, to its limit creeping,
Its sign those bodiless limbs shot through,
And a pair of manikins, swift up-leaping,
Loud on the echoing gong struck *two*.
Clang! clang! and the brazen hammers
Dropped, and lay where they lay before,
And the arms of the holders fell off their shoulders,
And their heads went rolling down to the floor,
And the little men tumbled, and cracked, and crumbled,
And vanished — as if to rise no more.

Still as the shells of the sea-floor, sleeping
Countless fathoms the waves below;
Still as the stones of a city heaping
The path of an earthquake ages ago,
Lay the sundered forms; but steadily swinging,
Beat the slow pendulum, — tick, tick, tick, —
Till lo! at the third hour, suddenly springing,
Rose three men's limbs with a click, click, click,

And, joined together, by magic gifted,
In stature perfect and motion free,
The trio, each with his mallet lifted,
Loud on the echoing gong struck *three*.
Clang! clang! clang! and the brazen hammers
Dropped, and lay where they lay before,
And the arms of the holders fell off their shoulders,
And their heads went rolling down to the floor,
And the little men tumbled, and cracked, and crumbled,
And vanished — as if to rise no more.

And as many as each hour's figure numbered,
So many men of that small brigade,
Whose members the marble floor encumbered,
Made themselves, and as soon unmade;
Till at noon rose all, and, each one swinging
His brazen sledge by its brazen helve,
Set all the rooms of the palace ringing
As their strokes on the silver gong told *twelve*.

Rajah Balpoora, Prince of Jullinder,
Died. But the great clock's tireless heart
Beat on; and still, in that hall of splendor,
The twelve little sextons played their part.
And the wise who entered the palace portal
Read in the wonder the lesson plain: —
Every human hour is a thing immortal,
And days but perish to rise again.
From the grave of every life we saddened,
Comes back the clamor of olden wrongs;
And our deeds that other souls have gladdened,
Ring from the past like angel songs.

Theron Brown.

THE DEACON'S RIDE.

On his cool back porch sat Deacon Brown, the richest and fattest man in town.
Before, behind, to left and right, showed meadows dotted with gold and white,
And grazing there in the pastures green, fifteen fine Jerseys as ever seen;

The regular herd-book stock were they, and how much butter they made each day,
I hardly would dare attempt to say.

No greater joy had Deacon Brown, than to sit on the porch, as the sun went down,
And view his acres so broad and fine, and feast his eyes on his Jersey kine;
But now his face wore a look much vexed, and he drummed his knees in a way perplexed,
As, sitting snug in his tilted chair, he gazed at the goodly show and fair,
Of bovine beauties grazing there.

Well might the Deacon muse and frown, and vaguely scratch his smooth, bald crown;
For a Jersey heifer, his pride and boast, the one of all that he valued most,
Had taken it into her head that she not like her meeker sisters would be,
And so, at sight of the milking-pail, would lower her horns and thrash her tail,
And kick till her kicking power would fail.

All sorts of cures had the Deacon tried; but, alas for a good old churchman's pride!
"The finest heifer in this 'ere town," would never a drop of milk give down
For one whole day, though coaxed and fed with the "cream of the place," so the Deacon said;
And when thrice she'd knocked the good man over, as if barnyard mud were a field of clover,
He vowed in his wrath, as a deacon may, that he'd sell the creetur the very next day,
To the village butcher, and risk his pay.

Yet now, as he sat and thought it o'er, it seemed that his cross was indeed most sore;
He could not do it; 'twould break his heart, from his goodly heifer this way to part!
Just then strolled toward him his elder son, who never a bit of work had done,

But fished in the brook through the livelong day, instead of
helping get in the hay,
Or "lift" at the work in any way.

So the Deacon frowned a frown most stern: "'Twas time
that a lazy youth should learn
To earn his salt; 'twas different when he was his age, — the
men *was* men,
Not idle care-naughts; and going to school made something
besides a college fool."
Then, growing milder, "Wal, 'bout Peachblow — I reckoned
a cure you'd hap to know,
In that heathen gabble you chatter so."

Quoth the idle scapegrace, with twinkling eye, "I've heard
of a cure which you might try."
Then some Latin words he gravely said. "If on to her back
a weight is laid,
She'll give milk straightway, and quiet be." Said the doubt-
ing Deacon, "I'll try and see."

Out in the stable Peachblow stood, calm chewing her cud
as a heifer should.
Spoke the Deacon: "William, you're young and spry; you
can climb on her back, now, quicker'n I.
You'll do for the weight. I'll fetch the stool, and milk the
critter: you just keep cool."
But scarce had the hopeful gained his seat, when out flew the
placid Peachblow's feet,
And milker and milking-stool upset, in a way too hurried for
etiquette.

And the Deacon roared in his wrath, "Get down! I'll try
myself, — that'll bring her roun'."
And, puffing and grumbling, with Will to boost, he found
himself on his novel roost.
But, alas! with what little certainty can we plume our minds
on things to be!
For, just as the Deacon, with voice elate, cried, "Go to milk-
in'; you needn't wait!"
The stanchion was loosed by some luckless Fate, —

And wildly out through the open door dashed — as she never
had dashed before —

The frightened heifer, with snorts and bounds, and her load
of a hundred and ninety pounds.
The roaring scapegrace behind was left; while, like a crea-
ture of sense bereft,
Young Peachblow flew with her frantic feet, a-bellowing
down the village street, —
To the district school-boys what a treat!

The Deacon's neckerchief flapped in the wind; his hat blew
off, and was left behind;
His eyes bulged out, his face grew white, his fringe of hair
stood up with fright;
The children scampered with laugh and hoot, the dogs all
started in mad pursuit;
The geese they squawked, and the chickens flew; the wives
ran, startled by such ado;
Out ran the husbands, to cry, "Halloo!"

And the good old parson, with face aghast, flew to the gate
as the deacon passed.
What a dreadful scandal throughout the town might rise
from this frolic of Deacon Brown!
Was he drunk, or crazy, that thus he'd ride? And, loud as
he could, the parson cried,
"Stop, stop, Brother Brown! Oh! where will you go?"
and back from the dust came these words of woe:
"The Lord and this cow, sir, only know!"

But she stopped at last, this steed so gay; she stopped quite
short in a sudden way,
Struck out her heels with a graceful poise, and the hundred
and ninety avoirdupois
Shot over her head and into the dirt, with buttonless breeches
and tattered shirt.

. . . . . .

Sadder and wiser, Deacon Brown led Peachblow home as the
sun went down;
And all the questioners got him to say was, that he might tell
them some other day.
But Peachblow was lamb-like enough that night, — was
milked very meekly, and seemed all right.
And the Deacon mused: "Wal, the heathen may have fust-
rate cow cures, but I must say,
They are *tryin'* to old folks, anyway."

Mary C. Huntington.

THE SILVER BELL.

Once upon a time, an old legend says, in a splendid palace a king lay dying. By his couch knelt his only son, with tears streaming down his face; but only a few quiet words were now and then spoken.

"Father, you remember the beautiful silver bell hanging above the palace, — the one you had made years ago, of such pure tone that the maker stood entranced at its first note, but which has ever since been still? Why did you hang it there, if it was never to be rung?"

"My son, when I was young, and full of life and hope, I commanded the best workmen in my kingdom to make a perfect silver bell, and hang it above my palace, that its sweet tones might tell my people that their king was perfectly happy. But alas! though I expected so much happiness, the moment has never come when I could say, 'Ring the bell!' and now I am dying, and it is still silent. My son, if your happiness is ever complete, — if you are without an anxious thought or wish, — then let the silver bell proclaim the fact to all your people."

"But, father, if you were not lying here I should be happy now, and the bell should ring every day of my life."

The old king smiled sadly, and, turning his face away, soon slept to wake no more. With much mourning he was laid away in the royal tomb, and his son became king in his stead. He could not ring the bell then, for he grieved for his father; but he thought that after a time he should be happy again.

And the days went by, and the young king married a beautiful girl; and he said, "Now, for the first time, the bell shall ring."

But as he and his bride came from the church, a woman, young in years, but haggard with grief, carrying a little child in her arms, threw herself at his feet, begging him to spare the life of her husband, who was condemned to die for plotting against the king. "He saw so much splendor and wealth, and we were starving. Oh, on this day, pardon him!"

The king raised the wretched woman, and gave her her husband's freedom; but a swift shadow had come over his happiness.

And the months went by, and a beautiful babe was born to be king after him. And he said, "Now at length the bell shall ring." But just then came word that a terrible sickness raged among the children of the kingdom, that many mothers were mourners, and their hearts could not be comforted.

And the years rolled by, and the king was a great and good man, kind to his people, sharing their sorrows, and, so far as he could, lifting their burdens. The days were so full of thought and work, that he did not think of the bell, or of his own happiness.

At last he too lay dying; and when he knew that the end was drawing near, he asked to be carried to the room of state, and to be placed once more upon his throne, that his people might come to see him. And they crowded in, rich and poor, high and low, kissing his hands, his feet, and even the hem of his garment. And when he saw them so grief-stricken and tearful, a great light came into his dim eyes; and, lifting his trembling arms, in a clear voice he cried, "Ring the silver bell! ring the bell! My people love me; at last I am happy!" And as, for the first time, the bell pealed forth its ringing notes, his spirit took its flight to the unseen land. — *Mrs. Julia D. Pratt, in The Dayspring.*

COUNTING EGGS.

Old Moses, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has got the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchases.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed I has. Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? yas, indeed! I guantees 'em, an' — an' — de hen guantees 'em."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. — You can rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses: he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already. — Eighteen (counting), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five. — And how's your gal comin' on? She was most growed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married, and living in Dallas."

"Wall, I declar', how de time scoots away! And you say she has childruns? Why, how ole am de gal? She must be jest about" —

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (counting) "firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seven, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. — Hit am singular dat you has sich ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old" —

"Fifty-free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six, — I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake, — fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah. — Whew! Dat am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself. I ain't long for dis world. You comes from an ole family. When yore fodder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. — Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine. — And your mudder? She was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses: she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. — Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, five, six, seben, eight, — dar one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs, — jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg in case I have discounted myse'f."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Barton said to her husband,

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard old Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen." — *Texas Siftings.*

THE FALL.

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep." — *Count Fathom.*

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, despair and death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward on the foam there shines a rainbow without hope?
While, hung with clouds of fear and doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to vale or bliss;
One — only one — hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!

O heaven! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
In vain, with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might;
On — on — still on — direct for doom, the river rushed in force,
And fearfully the stream of time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed; I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by forevermore!

Plainly — but with no prophet sense — I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice — and felt the mist, like death-sweat, gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home, and those that made it sweet!
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge;
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag — in speechless pain — from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die, but anguish stunned my senses into sleep.

How long entranced, or whither dived, no clew I have to find.
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrilled a cry, — a cry as shrill as birds
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words: —
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
He's been a-walking in his sleep, and pitched all down the stairs!"

Thomas Hood.

A CENTRE-BOARD YACHT-RACE.

"MR. BINGHAM," said the "city editor" of the "Royal Bugle" one morning, "the 'sporting editor' is away, and it will be necessary for you to go down to Swampscott to report a race between centre-board yachts."

"But I don't know any thing about yachts or yacht-racing."

"It's not necessary to know. See the head man, and get the time. That's about all we want."

About nine o'clock that night, a forlorn, tramp-like looking object entered the office of the "Royal Bugle," with the crown of his white Derby knocked in, the rim bent, and his clothing generally hanging limp, — the suit, once light in color, now spotted and stained. As he advanced into a better light, he was recognized as the "fire reporter;" and a chorus of exclamations followed: "Where's the fire?" or,

"Did they put the hose on you?" as the unfortunate man sank, apparently exhausted, into a chair.

"It's not a fire," he growled. "It's a yacht-race."

"What did they do to you?"

"Do to me? They did every thing except drown me, and almost did that. This morning," continued the dejected man, "our local editor sent me down to Swampscott to report a centre-board yacht race. He said if I could get aboard one of the racing yachts I'd have a delightful time, — a regular marine picnic. Well, I had it, — yes, indeedy; enough picnic of the kind to last the rest of life. I knew the yachtsmen were spruce sort of fellows, dressed well; and therefore I put on my best suit, — new rig just from the tailor's, — and hurried away to the Swampscott sands. I found the fleet of centre-boards tied up to a wharf. In making inquiries of a captain, I hinted that it would be agreeable to me to be a passenger on his yacht.

"He smiled serenely, the villain! and said he'd be delighted to have me come aboard. Oh, the baseness of the man! Very soon the race began; and when fairly under way, and I had settled into a comfortable seat to enjoy it, the captain shouted, 'All down, down below the' — the — what do you call the rail that runs around the top of the boat? — the gun — the gun" —

"Whale!"

"Yes, the gunwhale. Well, he said we must keep our heads below that, in order to offer less resistance to the wind. Therefore three of us were obliged to lie on our stomachs on the bottom of the boat. If we wanted to see the race, we looked through the skipper's windows" —

"The what?"

"Why, the skipper's holes, as they call them, — a nautical term for windows, I sup" —

"Scupper-holes!"

"Well, yes, that sounds more like. The man who lay next to me kept himself busy and contented by eating peanuts. But that was nothing, comparatively. Soon we ran into a big wave. If the skipper'd had any sense of honor or regard for his passengers, he would have turned one side to let the wave pass; but he didn't. He ran slap into it, and the crest of it came on board, caromed on the skipper himself, who stood at the helm, and then circulated among the shifting ballast. Owing to the peanut-eater, the skipper-win — no,

the scupper-holes — were clogged; and the remnant of the wave, unable to escape from the boat, was absorbed by our clothing, and my new suit began to take additional shades and wrinkles.

"Suddenly that graceless captain shouted something about 'hard lee,' and then the boat lurched and tipped the other way; and we, lying prostrate, were ordered to creep carefully around the centre-board, and lie on the other side. That was the most fiendish! If my memory be good, we crawled back and forth around that centre-board a dozen times. If we were going to win the race, why didn't we keep straight on, and not turn to the right or left every twenty minutes?

"But the climax came. The skipper decided to turn the boat around when she was going at full speed, and to drive her in the opposite direction. Well, when she turned around "—

"Jibed, you mean."

"Yes, that sounds like it. When she jibed she turned over on her side, and a part of the shifting ballast, another man, and myself, went overboard; but we caught on the gunwhale, and, the boat coming down flat again, we crawled in. When I, forlorn and dripping, asked if they turned around usually in that way, they laughed.

"Well, about an hour afterward, after mopping the bottom of the boat some more with our clothing, we reached the landing from which we had departed.

"*We did not win.*

"In response to an inquiry in regard to our defeat, the captain, ungrateful, said that he had too much ballast. Wasn't that the refinement of cruelty? Wasn't it a dastardly insult? After I'd spoiled a suit of clothes by exerting myself in his behalf in climbing around that centre-board, and nearly lost my life, — of course, if I had not caught the side of the boat when I went overboard, they would not stop to take me in, because the race was very important, and the prize was a three-cornered blue flag, — after all that, I say, 'twas rascally to hint that I'd lost the race for him.

"When the boat was a safe distance from the shore, after leaving me on the wharf, the captain cried, 'Had a good time?' Gentlemen, to reply would have been an indignity to myself; but I indulged in a little pantomime to show the pirate skipper that, if I'd had him there, I'd injure the wharf

with him. 'Why didn't I come home sooner?' Because I waited the coming of night to shield me from the gaze of the village constable, who has a personal enmity against tramps, — makes them saw wood. I knew that my tattered and begrimed appearance would bring me under the ban of the law. I walked home by way of the beach."

George A. Stockwell.

THE MISSISSIPPI MIRACLE.

I's let up on preachin'. I's truly
De Rev'rind Dick Wilkins, D.D.;
I know I heerd Gabr'el a-callin',
An' thought he was callin' on me:
"You Wilkins, go preach me de gospel!"
Dat, sah, was de way dat he went;
But now, sah, I's mightily jubous
'Twas some oder Wilkins he meant.

Yes, sah, dat ar matter you knows of
Has cleaned me plumb out of my grace.
What! ain't nebber heard of it? Nebbah?
Seed nobody in from de place?
Den set down an' listen; and when, sah,
I's tol' you de mizable tale,
You'll 'low dat religion, out ou' way,
Is mighty low down in de scale.

I started to work wid good prospects:
My field, you mought call it, was good;
I tried fur to keep up de fences,
An' worked it de best 'at I could;
De site wuzn't much fur to brag on;
'Twas mos'ly clay gullies an' sand;
But de craps, in de way ob collections,
Wuz good fur dat 'scription ob land.

Well, sah, we got up a revival,
To last a consid'able while,
An' 'greed, as we's gwine fur to hab it,
'Twas best fur to hab it in style.

We started her goin' at sun-up,
An' kep' her a-bilin' till night,
When forty-odd mo'nahs wuz shoutin',
An' forty more comin' in sight.

Des den it come into my min', sah,
To gib dem ar niggahs a trile;
An' so I riz up, an' I says, sah,—
I says, with a beautiful smile:
"My frien's, I'm a-gwine to propose you
A small, onsignificant test,
To proobe — out ob all ob de virtues —
Which ob you has charity best.

"Now, hush up a minnit! I'll tell you,
An' den you kin go on an' shout.
De short ob de mattah is: Friday
My barrel ob whiskey gub out;
It happens, too, des at dis moment,
I hasn't de money to buy:
An' so I proposes to *you* all,
Dat you shill make up de supply.

"To-morrow I'll hab me a barrel
A-settin' out dar on the bluff,
An' eb'ry good Christian's expected
To fotch 'long a pint o' good stuff.
So I'll git my barrel ob whiskey,
An you'll git the feeling dat you
Is got charity down till you're ekal
To gibbin' de debbil his due."

Nex' mohnin', sah, dar wuz de barrel;
An' eb'ry man fotched up a flask,
An' put de neck down in de bunghole,
An' emptied it into de cask.
I thought 'at I'd try how it swallowed,
An' held a gourd under the spout,
An' den gib a turn on de fossit —
When nuffin but WATER come out!

"A miracle!" shouted de sistahs.
"A miracle nuffin!" says I;
"I see froo de mattah, — it's easy
To tell you des how it come by:
Each man fotched a bottle ob water,
An' thought, when de cask wuz complete,
By *eb'ry one else bringin' whiskey*,
Nobody would notice de cheat."

Dat sort o' broke up the revival —
An' raly I think it wuz time,
Wid all de head brudders convicted
Ob such a contemptible crime.
Dey isn't no good in purfeshins;
Dat's one thing I hope 'at you sees —
But, sah, it's so late I mus' leab you
To pick out what moral you please.

Irwin Russell.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WHAT shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyry's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done:
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of affection attest.

From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily saw,
Set over against the law-book, of a higher than human law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the truth, and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has passed;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed to the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to right.

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.
"Disturber," and "dreamer," the Philistines cried, when he preached an ideal creed,
Till they learned that the men who have changed the world with the world have disagreed;
That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king, and write them down in a book:
New men, new lights; and the fathers' code the sons may never brook.
What is liberty now were license then; their freedom our yoke would be;
And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty.
Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while.
Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward file?

Its pioneers are the dreamers who heed neither tongue nor pen
Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true, unequalled voice,
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak ones' fight,
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout or the social sneer's disgrace,
For his freeborn spirit, that drew no line between class or creed or race.

Come, workers! here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good:
There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs, — one right, one hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the great reformer's creed:
The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and the guard against selfish greed.
And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on his coffin-lid laid down
By the toil-stained hands of workmen, — their sobs, their kiss, and their crown. *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

MALARIA.

Our baby lay in its mother's arms,
All sweet with its tiny dimpled charms;
But little mouth and tongue were sore,
And of its food 'twould take no more.
The doctor hemmed, and shook his head.
And looking wise, he gravely said,

"Malaria — 'tis plainly seen —
Three times a day give him quinine."
Said grandmamma, "Dear me! that's new;
When I was young we called it 'sprue.'"

Our urchin Tom, ne'er off his feet,
One day his dinner could not eat;
His head ached so, he was so ill,
Poor mother's heart with fear did fill.
The doctor felt his hands and head,
And looking wise, he gravely said,
"Malaria — 'tis plainly seen —
Three times a day give him quinine."
Said grandmamma, "That can't be so!
He has been smoking, sir, I know."

Our lady Maud, at seventeen —
As bright a girl as e'er was seen —
One day turned languid, white, and frail,
And roses red did strangely pale.
The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
While wisely he did shake his head,
"Malaria — it's plainly seen —
Three times a day give her quinine."
Said grandmamma, "That can't be right!
Why, my good sir, she danced all night."

Our pride, our eldest, Harry dear,
One night did act so strange and queer,
That mother, frightened, panting, said,
"Run for the doctor! he'll be dead!"
The doctor came, and shook his head,
And, looking at him, grandly said,
"Malaria — 'tis plainly seen —
Three times a day give him quinine."
"What stuff!" said grandmamma, "I'm thinking
That good-for-nothing boy's been drinking!"

The head of the house, forever well,
One day fell ill, and, sad to tell,
Could not arise, but loud did cry,
"If this keeps on, I'd rather die!"

The doctor came, stood by the bed,
And, looking solemn, gravely said,
"Malaria — 'tis plainly seen —
Three times a day give him quinine."
Growled grandmamma, "Oh! fiddle-dee-dee!
He's only bilious — seems to me."

One day our grandpa — eighty-four —
Complained that he could see no more;
That, at his age, it worried him
That his good eyesight should grow dim.
"I've often seen it act that way,"
The doctor solemnly did say:
"Malaria — 'tis plainly seen —
Three times a day give him quinine."
But grandma said, "I never see!
Old man, you're growing old, like me!"

PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low:
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that *I* don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian,
In the plain, old-fashioned way,
Laid down in my mother's Bible,
And I read it every day, —
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelation
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, — why, I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking,
Till I fear he is all tired out;

been named], who had before enjoyed the sublimity of the coming storm, now began to realize its terrors, and to watch the handsome boatman with the deepest anxiety. The sails flapped idly in the motionless air, and Dipper Bay was still half a mile distant.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hamilton," said Leopold. "If the squall will keep off only a few moments, we shall be in a safe place."

The skipper evidently "meant business;" and, shipping the long oars, he worked with a zeal which seemed to promise happy results, and Rosabel began to feel a little re-assured. But the sloop was too large, and too broad on the beam, to be easily rowed, and her progress was necessarily very slow.

"Can't I help you, Leopold?" asked the maiden, when she saw what a tremendous effort the boatman was making.

"You may take the tiller, and steer for Dip Point, if you please," replied Leopold, knowing that his beautiful passenger would be better satisfied if she could feel that she was doing something.

Leopold plied his oars with all the vigor of a manly frame, intent upon reaching the little bay, where the high rocks would shelter his craft from the fury of the storm. Then a breeze of wind came, and he resumed his place at the tiller. He had almost reached the haven when he saw coming down over the waters a most terrific squall. Before he could haul down his mainsail, the tempest struck the "Rosabel." He placed his fair charge in the bottom of the boat, which the savage wind was driving towards the dangerous rocks. Before he could do any thing to secure the sail, the main-sheet parted at the boom. He cast off the halliards, but the sail was jammed and would not come down.

The "Rosabel" was almost upon the rocks. Seizing an oar, Leopold, satisfied that he could do nothing to save the boat, worked her away from the rocks, so that she would strike upon the narrow beach he had just left. The fierce squall was hurling her with mad speed upon the shore. By the most tremendous exertion, and at the imminent peril of his life, he succeeded in guiding her to the beach, upon which she struck with prodigious force, crushing in her keel and timbers beneath the shock. Without a word of explanation, he grasped the fair Rosabel in his arms, and leaped into the angry surges, which were driven high upon the rocks above him. The tide had risen so that there was hardly room

under the cliff for him to stand; but he bore her to this only partial refuge from the fury of the storm.

The tempest increased in violence, and the huge billows rolled in with impetuous fury upon him. Grasping his fair burden in his arms, with Rosabel clinging to him in mortal terror, he paused a moment to look at the angry sea. There was a narrow shelf of rock near him, against which the waves beat with terrible violence. If he could only get beyond this shelf, which projected out from the cliffs, he could easily reach the Hole in the Wall, where Harvey Barth had saved himself in just such a storm. He had born Rosabel some distance along the beach, both drenched by the lashing spray, and his strength was nearly exhausted. The projecting shelf was before him, forbidding for the moment his further progress.

Placing his left foot on a rock, his fair but heavy burden on his knee, clasping her waist with his left hand, while his right was fastened for support in a crevice of the cliff, he paused for an instant to recover his breath and watch for a favorable chance to escape from his perilous position. Rosabel, in her terror, had thrown her arms around his neck, clinging to him with all her might. When he paused, she felt, reposing on his powerful muscles, that she was safe — she confessed it afterwards; though, in that terrible sea and near those cruel rocks, the strength of the strongest man was but weakness. Leopold waited. If the sea would only recede for an instant, it would give him the opportunity to reach the broader beach beyond the shelf, over which he could pass to the Hole in the Wall. It was a moment of hope, mingled with a mighty fear.

A huge billow, larger than any he had yet seen, was rolling in upon him, crested and reeking with foam, and might dash him and his feeble charge, mangled and torn, upon the jagged rocks. Still panting from the violence of his exertion, he braced his nerves and his stout frame to meet the terrible shock.

With every muscle strained to the utmost tension, he waited the coming wave. In this attitude, with the helpless maiden clinging to him for life, with the wreck of his fine yacht near, he was a noble subject for an inspired artist.

The coming wave buried him and the fair maiden in its cold embrace. It broke, and shattered itself in torrents of milky foam upon the hard rocks. But the larger and higher the

wave, the farther it recedes. Leopold stood firm, though he was shaken in every fibre of his frame by the shock. The retiring water — retiring only for an instant, to come again with even greater fury — gave him his opportunity, and he improved it. Swooping, like a strong eagle, beneath the narrow shelf of rock, he gained the broader sands beyond the reach of the mad billows. It blew a hurricane for some time. The stranded yacht was ground into little pieces by the sharp rocks, but her skipper and his fair passenger were safe. *Oliver Optic.*

THE STORY OF SIR ARNULPH.

[Matt. xxii. 37-39. — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."]

An earnest man, in long-forgotten years,
Relieved the maladies and stanched the tears
Of pining multitudes, who sought his aid
When death their homesteads threatened to invade.

Blest with one only son (a gentle youth,
Trained in the fear of God, and love of truth),
He fondly hoped that Arnulph might aspire
Disease and death to baffle, like his sire.

But the boy, musing gloomily apart,
Avowed at length the impulse of his heart:
"To some calm cloister, father, I would go,
And there serve God." His father answered, "No.

"Thou doest well to wish to serve the Lord,
By thine whole life imperfectly adored;
But choose thy work amid the world, and then
Thou canst serve God, and bless thy fellow-men."

The boy, still yearning to achieve his plan,
Spake: "It were better to serve God than man."
"Pray God for help," the father said, "and he
Will solve the riddle of thy doubt to thee."

So Arnulph to his chamber went, and prayed
That in his doubts the Lord would send him aid.
And, in a vision of the silent night,
A phantom stood before him, clothed in white, —
A form for earth too beautiful and grand,
With crimson roses blooming in each hand.

And Arnulph asked the angel, "Are these flowers
Fresh culled from Eden's amaranthine bowers?"
He answered, "Nay: these offerings are from all
Whom God the doers of his will doth call."
"And can I offer nothing?" sighed the boy.
"May I not also serve the Lord with joy?"
"Surely thou mayest," replied that seraph fair, —
"In my left hand, behold, thy gift I bear."

Then Arnulph said, "I pray thee, tell me why,
In thy left hand the flowers all scentless lie,
But in the right they breathe a gracious smell,
Which long within the haunted sense doth dwell?"

The angel answered with pathetic tone, —
"In my left hand I bear the gifts alone
Of those who worship God the Sire above,
But for his children testify no love;
While *these* sweet roses, which ne'er grow wan,
Come from the lovers of both God and man."

The vision faded. Arnulph cried, "Alas!
My soul was blind!" And so it came to pass,
That the changed boy a cloister entered not,
But with God's working-men took part and lot.

Gerald Massey.

A LOST CHILD.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid:
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes; but your last name?" She shook her head:
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good. But when they blame
You, little one, — is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones;
And then she says [the culprit owns], —
'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"

Anna F. Burnham.

WHEN McGUE PUTS THE BABY TO SLEEP.

We have a foine tinement, close be the bridge,
Wid three pairs of stairs and a farm.
The farm's on the roof, but it's ilegant just
For to kape the small childer from harm.
The railin' is high. Shure it's tired they get
From playin' "puss corner" an' "peep,"
An' 'twould do your heart good in the twilight to see
Ould McGue put the baby to sleep.

McGue is my man, an' a daisy he is,
For after the gas-house shuts down
He comes wid his pail (faith, the coal on his face
Gives the shake to the boys of the town).
Then he sits down wid me, an' his poipe, an' his chair,
Comfortable, cosey, an' deep,
Wid the kid in his arms; it would break you to see
Ould McGue put the baby to sleep.

He sings him the chune of "The Old Phwiskey Jug,"
An' juggles him up on his knee
As light as the mist from ould Erin's green turf
That floats from the bog to the sea.
Then the gossoon lies back like a king on his couch,
An' the shadows across his eyes creep;
I'll lay you a bet, it's a beautiful sight,
When McGue puts the baby to sleep.

Then the ould man says "Phwist!" as the first darling snore
He hears from the swate, sleeping child;
An' he steps to the cradle, as aisy as mud,
An' the drop of a pin makes him wild.
"The Virgin take care of that baby!" his prayer
Comes out of the heart low and deep;
It would kill the ould man if the kid should refuse
John McGue for to put him to sleep.

JEM'S LAST RIDE.

High o'er the snow-capped peaks of blue the stars are out to-night,
And the silver crescent moon hangs low. I watched it on my right,
Moving above the pine-tops tall, a bright and gentle shape,
While I listened to the tales you told of peril and escape.

Then, mingled with your voices low, I heard the rumbling sound
Of wheels adown the farther slope, that sought the level ground;
And suddenly, from memories that never can grow dim,
Flashed out once more the day when last I rode with English Jem.

'Twas here, in wild Montana, I took my hero's gauge.
From Butte to Deer Lodge, four-in-hand, he drove the mountain stage;
And many a time, in sun or storm, safe mounted at his side,
I whiled away with pleasant talk the long day's weary ride.

Jem's faithful steeds had served him long, of mettle true and tried:
One sought in vain for trace of blows upon their glossy hide;
And to each low command he spoke, the leader's nervous ear
Bent eager, as a lover waits his mistress' voice to hear.

With ringing crack the leathern whip, that else had idly hung,
Kept time for many a rapid mile to English songs he sung;
And yet, despite his smile, he seemed a lonely man to be,
With not one soul to claim him kin on this side of the sea.

But after I had known him long, one mellow evening-time
He told me of his English Rose, who withered in her prime;
And how, within the churchyard green, he laid her down to rest
With her sweet babe, a blighted bud, upon her frozen breast.

"I could not stay," he said, "where she had left me all alone!
The very hedge-rose that she loved, I could not look upon.
I could not hear the mavis sing, or see the long grass wave,
And every little daisy-bank seemed but my darling's grave.

"Yet somehow — why, I cannot tell — but when I wandered here,
I seemed to bring her with me too, that once had been so dear.
I love these mountain summits, where the world is in the sky,
For she is in it too, — my love! — and so I bring her nigh."

Next week I rode with Jem again. The coach was full, that day,
And there were little children there, that pleased us with their play.
A sweet-faced mother brought her pair of rosy, bright-eyed girls,
And boy like one I left at home, with silken yellow curls.

We took fresh horses at Girard's, and as he led them out —
A vicious pair they seemed to me — I heard the hostler shout,

"You always want good horses, Jem! Now you shall have
your way.
Try these new beauties, for we sold your old team yester-
day."

O'er clean-cut limb and sloping flank, arched neck and toss-
ing head,
I marked Jem run his practised eye, though not a word he
said;
Yet, as he clambered to his seat, and took the reins once
more,
I saw a look upon his face it had not worn before.

The hostler open flung the gates. "Now, Tempest, show
your pace,"
He cried, and with a careless hand he struck the leader's
face.
The horse, beneath the sportive blow, reared as if poison-
stung;
And, with his panic-stricken mates, to a mad gallop sprung.

We thundered through the gate, and out upon the stony
road;
From side to side the great coach lurched, with all its price-
less load:
Some cried aloud for help, and some, with terror-frozen
tongue,
Clung, bruised and faint in every limb, the weaker to the
strong.

And men who oft had looked on death, unblanched, by flood
or field,
When every nerve to do and dare by agony was steeled,
Now moaned aloud, or gnashed their teeth in helpless rage,
To die, at whim of maddened brutes, like vermin in a cage!

Too well, alas! too well I knew the awful way we went,—
The little stretch of level road, and then the steep descent;
The boiling stream that seethed and roared far down the
rocky ridge,
With death, like old Horatius, grim waiting at the bridge!

But, suddenly, above the din, a voice rang loud and clear;
We knew it well, the driver's voice, — without one note of fear;
Some strong, swift angel's lips might thrill with such a clarion cry, —
The voice of one who put for aye all earthly passion by: —

"Still! for your lives, and listen! See yon farmhouse by the way,
And piled along the field in front the shocks of new-mown hay.
God help me turn my horses there! And when I give the word,
Leap on the hay! Pray, every soul, to Him who Israel heard!"

Within, the coach was still. 'Tis strange, but never till I die
Shall I forget the fields that day, the color of the sky,
The summer breeze that brought the first sweet perfume of the hay,
The bobolink that in the grass would sing his life away.

One breathless moment bridged the space that lay between, and then
Jem drew upon the straining reins, with all the strength of ten.
"Hold fast the babes!" More close I clasped the fair boy at my side.
"Let every nerve be steady now!" and "Jump for life!" he cried.

Saved, every soul! Oh! dizzy — sweet life rushed in every vein,
To us who from that fragrant bed rose up to hope again!
But, 'mid the smiles and grateful tears that mingled on each cheek,
A sudden questioning horror grew, that none would dare to speak.

Too soon the answer struck our ears! One moment's hol-, low roar
Of flying hoofs upon the bridge — an awful crash that tore

The very air in twain — and then, through all the world grown still,
I only heard the bobolink go singing at his will.

I was the first man down the cliff. There's little left to tell.
We found him lying, breathing yet and conscious, where he fell.
The question in his eager eyes, I answered with a word, —
"Safe!" Then he smiled, and whispered low some words I scarcely heard.

We would have raised him, but his lips grew white with agony.
"Not yet; it will be over soon," he whispered. "Wait with me;"
Then, lower, smiling still, "It is my last ride, friends; but I
Have done my duty, and God knows I do not fear to die."

He closed his eyes. We watched his life slip, like an ebbing tide,
Far out upon the infinite, where all our hopes abide.
He spoke but once again, a name not meant for mortal ears,
"My Rose!" She must have heard that call, amid the singing spheres!

Mary A. P. Stansbury.

OVER THE CROSSIN'.

"SHINE? shine, sor? Ye see, I'm just a-dien'
Ter turn yer two boots inter glass
Where ye'll see all the sights in the winders
'Ithout lookin' up as yer pass.
Seen me before? I've no doubt, sor;
I'm punctooal haar, yer know,
Waitin' along the crossin'
Fur a little un', name o' Joe;
My brother, sor, an' a cute un',
Ba'ly turned seven, an' small,
But gettin' his livin' grad'ely
Tendin' a bit uv a stall

Fur Millerkins down the av'nue;
Yer kin bet that young un's smart, —
Worked right in like a vet'run
Since th' old un' gin 'im a start.

Folks say he's a picter o' father,
Once mate o' the 'Lucy Lee' —
Lost when Joe wor a baby,
Way off in some furrin sea.
Then mother kep' us together,
Though nobody thought she would,
An' worked an' slaved an' froze an' starved
Uz long uz ever she could.
An' since she died an' left us,
A couple o' year ago,
We've kep' right on in Cragg Alley,
A-housekeepin' — I an' Joe.
I'd just got my kit when she went, sor,
An' people helped us a bit,
So we managed to get on somehow;
Joe wus allus a brave little chit;
An' since he's got inter bisness,
Though we don't ape princes an' sich,
Tain't of'n we git right hungry,
An' we feel pretty tol'able rich.

I used to wait at the corner,
Jest over th' other side;
But the notion o' bein' tended
Sort o' ruffled the youngster's pride,
So now I only watches
To see that he's safe across;
Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
But, bless yer, 'tain't no loss!
Look! there he is now, the rascal!
Dodgin' across the street
Ter s'prise me — an' — look! I'm goin' —
He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened, —
The look, the cry, the spring,
The shielding Joe as a bird shields
Its young with sheltering wing;

Then up the full street of the city
A pause of the coming rush,
And through all the din and the tumult
A painful minute of hush;
A tumble of scattered brushes,
As they lifted him up to the walk,
A gathering of curious faces,
And snatches of whispered talk;
Little Joe all trembling beside him
On the flagging, with gentle grace
Pushing the tangled, soft brown hair
Away from the still white face.
At his touch the shut lids lifted,
And swift over lip and eye
Came a glow as when the morning
Flushes the eastern sky;
And a hand reached out to his brother,
As the words came low but clear, —
"Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother:
A minute back she wor here,
Smilin' an' callin' me to her!
I tell ye, I'm powerful glad
Yer such a brave, smart youngster:
The leavin' yer ain't so bad.
Hold hard to the right things she learnt us,
An' allus keep honest an' true;
Good-by, Joe — but mind, I'll be watchin'
Just — over — the crossin' — fur you!"

Springfield Republican.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

The good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and hand the while.
The good man sat in the chimney-nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made, and all he'd lost,
Ready and clear on his finger-tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit:
Nothing has done very well this year;

Money is bound to be hard to get;
Every thing's bound to be very dear;
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is kind of a debit and credit sum
I can't make balance by any rule."

She turned her round from the baking bread,
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband, dear, one would think
That the good rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if the wheat was only chaff,
As long as we both are well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit, —
Somehow or other we get along.

Into some lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat;
But when the rain and storm are o'er,
The after sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we've found a song;
We've had to bear, and had to wait, —
But somehow or other we get along.

For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us father and mother,
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear,
We're both of us loving, well, and strong:
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh;
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song, —
A song that followed me many a year:
"Somehow or other we get along."

TATERS.

(WITH A CHORUS.)

Of all the wonderful works of Nater,
What surprises me most, she can *make a tater!*
She gathers the stuff to produce a skin,
And then gradually stuffs the tater in.

Chorus.

Tater! tater! Best bread made by Nater!
No baker alive could make a tater.

In Ireland, where earth is so fertile and turfy,
They mispronounce tater by calling it *Murphy.*
In France, where all language to ribbons they tear,
They nominate tater a *pomme de terre!*

Tater! tater! The brown bread of Nater!
Old Nick couldn't give a worse nickname for tater.

Of words that sound proud I was always a hater—
Per-contra—*per*-centum—*per*-digious—*per*-tater!
All creatures that *purr*, from a fool to a cat,
Should be made to eat taters without any fat.

Tater! tater! Good Nater creator!
If an angel said *per*, I belave I should bate her.

O how shall I praise you? I don't want to hurt you
By making you vain and destroying your virtue;
But — baked, fried, boiled, roasted, you're equally good,
And in pigpen or palace alike understood.

Tater! tater! First and best boon of Nater!
When I stop being poet, I'd turn to a tater.

What makes all men kin? It is "one touch of Nater!"
And what *is* that touch, but the touch of a tater?
Of all flowers of the field, tater flour I most prize,
Best bread for the body and meet for the eyes.

Tater! tater! Did I wish to beat Nater,
I'd take you when new, and produce a *baked* tater!

Some scoff at a tater, and don't wish to see un;
They say you are *vulgar* and very plebeian,
And call you a root! But their minds are unsound:
It's your *modesty* tells you to hide in the ground.

Tater! tater! Many-eyed, potent tater!
(King Richard with III. was only Dick-tater.)

But alas! you are deaf to my harp's fond endeavor,
Or I'd sing in this beautiful fashion forever!
You have eyes, but you see not; you're deaf as a drum;
And as none else will listen, like you I'll be dumb.

Tater! tater! When I leave mortal Nater,
Let the world calmly think what I thought of a tater!

W. O. Eaton.

"AN UNKNOWN MAN, RESPECTABLY DRESSED."

"An unknown man, respectably dressed,"
That was all that the record said:
Wondering pity might guess the rest;
One thing was sure, — the man was dead.

And dead, because he'd no heart to live;
His courage had faltered, and failed the test:
How little the all we now can give, —
A nameless sod to cover his breast!

"Respectably dressed!" The thoughtless read
The sentence over, and idly say, —
"What was it, then, since it was not need,
Which made him thus fling his life away?"

"Respectably dressed!" How little they know,
Who never have been for money pressed,
What it costs respectable poor to go,
Day after day, "respectably dressed!"

The beggars on sidewalks suffer less;
They herd all together, clan and clan;
Alike and equal in wretchedness,
No room for pride between man and man.

Nothing to lose by rags or by dirt,
More often something is gained instead;
Nothing to fear but bodily hurt,
Nothing to hope for save daily bread.

But respectable poor have all to lose;
For the world to know, means loss and shame;
They'd rather die, if they had to choose;
They cling as for life to place and name, —

Cling, and pretend, and conceal and hide;
Never an hour but its terror bears;
Terror which slinks like guilt to one side,
And often a guiltier countenance wears.

"Respectably dressed" to the last; ay, last!
Last dollar, last crust, last proud pulse-beat;
Starved body, starved soul, hope dead and past:
What wonder that any death looks sweet?

"An unknown man, respectably dressed,"
That was all that the record said.
When will the question let us rest, —
Is it fault of ours that the man was dead?

Helen Jackson.

"BAY BILLY."

You may talk of horses of renown,
What Goldsmith Maid has done,
How Dexter cut the seconds down,
And Fellowcraft's great run:
Would you hear about a horse that once
A mighty battle won?

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg, —
Perhaps the day you reck, —
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away,
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aide;
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread, —

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came;
No wounded man but raised his head,
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak or stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us, —
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell;
And as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line
The colonel's horse we spied, —
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostril swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space:
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done.
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run:
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went
The ghastly rows between;
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green:
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights has not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade, Wake, and arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in that place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies?

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms;
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer;
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered "Here!"

Frank H. Gassaway.

HIRING HELP.

CHARACTERS. — MRS. MERVIN; EMMA, *her daughter;* BRIDGET ROONEY; NORAH MCCARTY; ELLEN FLYNN; JOANNA O'NEIL; ANGELINA SIMPER; MARY AMES.

SCENE. — MRS. MERVIN'S *Sitting-room.*

Emma. Well, mother, as our advertisement appeared in the paper last evening, I suppose we may expect any amount of answers in the shape of Irish girls.

Mrs. Mervin. Quite likely; and I must confess I dread the ordeal. It is better, however, to advertise, and have the girls call at the house, than to seek them at the intelligence office.

Emma. Oh, yes, indeed! I made a vow the last time you

sent me there for a girl, that if I could possibly help it I would never enter such a place again.

Mrs. Mervin. Well, I hope our present plan will be successful, and we shall be fortunate enough to secure a good girl. If we had less company, and our family were not so large, we would try to do the work together, and get along without help.

Emma. I wish we might, mother. I have often felt, after the disorderly reign of some tyrannical Bridget, that I would like to banish them all from whence they came, and wield the kitchen sceptre alone. (*Bell rings.*) There comes number one, I'll warrant.

Enter BRIDGET ROONEY.

Bridget. The top of the mornin' to ye, ma'am; and sure is yer name Mervin?

Mrs. Mervin. It is; and I suppose you have come to answer my advertisement for a girl.

Bridget. Indade I have, ma'am. Is it a cook ye would be afther wantin'?

Mrs. Mervin. I wish a girl to do general housework, and of course that includes a knowledge of plain cooking. Would you like such a place?

Bridget. And sure I can't tell, ma'am, till I ax ye a few questions, and finds out the characther of the place intirely. What wages do ye give?

Mrs. Mervin. Three dollars.

Bridget. And how many have ye in the family, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. Seven persons.

Bridget. Well, indade, and if ever I heard the like! Sivin persons, and only three dollars wages! Shure me cousin, Kate Murphy, gits four dollars, and there's only three in the house. I'll come for no three dollars, unless yer house has all the modern convainyences. Do ye have gas in the kitchen and girl's room?

Mrs. Mervin. We have gas in the kitchen, but we do not think it necessary in the girl's sleeping-room.

Bridget. And, faith, it's as much wanted there as anywhere. A poor girl doesn't want to be groping about with a nasty kerosene-lamp. How much time in a week do you give a girl to herself, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. One afternoon and evening a week. I believe that is a general rule.

Bridget. It's not a rule I goes by, ma'am. I wants two afternoons a week, and every evenin' besides, and I'm used to have my friends come whenever I like.

Mrs. Mervin. I see you wouldn't suit me at all, so you had better not remain here any longer. I don't intend to pay a girl wages, and give her half her time besides.

Bridget. And shure yer no lady, ma'am; and I wouldn't set fut in yer house if ye'd give me five dollars a week, bad luck to ye. [*Exit* BRIDGET.

Mrs. Mervin. Not a very promising specimen to begin with, surely.

Emma. I should think not, indeed. The idea of her asking four dollars a week, and wanting, as you said, nearly half her time! (*Bell rings.*) There's another. I shall find full employment in tending the door-bell, at this rate.

Enter NORAH MCCARTY.

Norah. Are you the lady, ma'am, the paper said wanted a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, I advertised for one yesterday. Can you do general housework?

Norah. Faith I can, ma'am; it's a gineral's housework I've been doing, and I might have staid in the place foriver, only that herself was that fussy that niver a soul could plaze her.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you make good bread?

Norah. Good bread is it ye say? And indade I can make that same. I makes it with imtens, ma'am; and if it sours a bit, I puts a handful of salerathus into it, and it comes out of the oven as swate as a nut, and a fine color on it besides.

Emma. Dear me! I should think it might have a fine color with a handful of saleratus in it!

Mrs. Mervin. At what other place have you lived besides the one you mentioned?

Norah. Nowheres at all, ma'am; that's the first place I wint when I came from the ould counthry.

Mrs. Mervin. How long did you live there, and what part of the work did you do?

Norah. Well, ma'am, I lived there three weeks, 'liven days, and a fortnight — barrin' the two days that I staid out to take care of me cousin Mike; and I did the fine work, mostly, ma'am, — scrubbing, sifting ashes, and the likes of that. Do ye think ye would like to hire me, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. I guess not. I am afraid you haven't had experience enough to do my work properly.

Norah. Well, ma'am, if that's any thing I could buy at the store, I would be willing to spend a thrifle to get some, for the sake of livin' wid ye.

Mrs. Mervin. Experience in housework cannot be bought at the stores; so you had better look somewhere else for a place. [*Exit* NORAH.

Emma. Well, mother, did you ever hear of such stupidity before?

Mrs. Mervin. She's the greenest specimen I've seen yet. I wonder who will come next? (*Bell rings.*)

Emma. We shall soon see.

Enter ELLEN FLYNN.

Ellen. A fine day, ma'am. Is it yerself that wants a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, if I can find a good one; but I am sorry to say they seem to be growing very scarce.

Ellen. You are mistaken there, ma'am; it's good places that's gittin' scarce. How big a family do ye have?

Mrs. Mervin. There are seven of us, and we of course have company occasionally.

Ellen. That's too many intirely; but I s'pose with all thim ye keep two girls and a man besides.

Mrs. Mervin. No, we keep but one servant.

Ellen. Servint is it! Well, ma'am, that's what I niver allows meself to be called. What sort of convainyences is there in the house? Is there a rocking-chair in the kitchen, where I can rest meself while the pot's a-bilin'?

Mrs. Mervin. No, I don't consider that a necessary article of kitchen furniture.

Ellen. We differs there, ma'am; I can't do without a rocking-chair. I see you have a pianny. I s'pose ye wouldn't mind if I learned to play on it afther me work is done — would ye?

Mrs. Mervin. I should object very strongly to giving a girl such a privilege.

Ellen. Well, ma'am, it's gittin' quite the fashion for the ladies that live out to play. Me cousin Kate Donnelly plays "St. Pathrick's Day in the Mornin'," and "Rory O'More," illigant; and I've made up me mind I'll live in no place agin where I can't have the chance to play the pianny.

Mrs. Mervin. Then the quicker you look for such a place, the better. It isn't worth while for me to spend any more time talking with you.

Ellen. Indade, it's a very uncivil tongue ye have, ma'am; and it's meself that ought to grumble for spendin' me precious time talkin' to the likes of you. [*Exit* ELLEN.

Emma. It grows worse and worse, mother! What are we coming to?

Mrs. Mervin. Dear me! I don't know! I am fairly discouraged! (*Bell rings.*)

Enter JOANNA.

Joanna. Are ye afther wantin' a girl, ma'am?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes; I want a good one.

Joanna. Faith, thin, it's glad I am that my brother Pathrick read me the scrap in the paper last night, for I'm wantin' a place.

Mrs. Mervin. What can you do?

Joanna. Well, thin, I can do any thing at all that ye likes. I washes beautiful; and me clothes has such a fine blue color on thim, when I takes thim in, it would do yer sowl good to see thim.

Mrs Mervin. Oh, dear! I don't like so much bluing in my clothes.

Joanna. Faith, thin, I'll jist lave out the blue a few times, and they'll be as fine a yaller as ye wish; any thing to suit ye, ma'am.

Emma. Can you do common cooking?

Joanna. I niver does any thing common, miss; all I cooks is in the fust style. I can make Meringo pies that would melt in your mouth, Charlotte Russians, and Blue Munge, too.

Emma. Indeed! you seem quite like an adept in cooking.

Joanna. I don't know what an adipt is; but if you mean I'm a good cook, I am that. Ye ought to see the fine roast pig I cooked the other day; sich a handsome baste was niver set before on a gintleman's table, I'll warrant.

Mrs. Mervin. You seem to despise common cooking. I have very little else done in my family. We live quite plainly, and I hardly think you would suit me.

Joanna. Well, now, ma'am, we won't let the cooking come betwixt us. I can cook plain, if I like; so, if ye plaze, I'd like to come and try.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you bring me a certificate of good character from the lady who last employed you?

Joanna. A stifkit! What's that, shure?

Mrs. Mervin. A paper, stating what character you bear.

Joanna. Indade, ma'am, I niver carries my charactercher round in a dirty piece of paper, that's liable to be torn up any day. I thinks more of meself than that.

Mrs. Mervin. Very well; I cannot take you, unless you can bring me such a paper.

Joanna. Faith, ye won't have the chance; and I'm thinkin' it'll be a long time before ye gets suited. Ye'll find no dacent girl will carry her charactercher loose in her hand.

[*Exit* JOANNA.

Emma. Another verdant specimen. These interviews grow interesting. I'm beginning to enjoy them. I wonder who will come next? (*Bell rings.*)

Mrs. Mervin. We shall soon see who has given the bell such a gentle pull.

Enter ANGELINA SIMPER.

Angelina. Are you the lady who manifested her desire to secure an assistant in her family, by inserting an advertisement in "The Gazette" of last evening?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes; I advertised for a servant-girl. Do you wish such a situation?

Angelina. I might be induced, madam, to accept a position in your family for a sufficient consideration.

Mrs. Mervin. Are you familiar with housework?

Angelina. Yes, in a certain way. I am in the habit of idealizing and etherealizing every thing which I undertake. I think I have discovered the method of extracting the poetry from housework; and instead of regarding it as a wearisome drudgery, I make it a grand poem.

Emma. I think you must be an inventive genius if you can find any poetry in washing greasy dishes, or scrubbing kitchen floors.

Angelina. Ah, miss, there is poetry in every thing. I revel in it, morning, noon, and night. Its glorious beams brighten my pathway at every step of my earthly progress. I have written a volume of sweet verses; and if they can only be properly brought before the public, my name will be immortalized, and the poet's laurels forever crown my brow. It is to gain a sufficient sum to publish this gem among

poetical works, that I have decided, for a short time, to put in practice my ideal method of housekeeping.

Mrs. Mervin. Can you make bread, and do up shirts?

Angelina. Yes: I can insert the rising element in a liquid form into the snowy flour; or I can use those subtile powders that permeate the mass of doughy particles, and make them rise in comely proportions.

Emma. Indeed! but how about the shirts?

Angelina. Well, after bringing them in from their bath in the sunlight, I immerse them in starch of pearly whiteness, and after sufficient time has elapsed I press to their bosoms a hot iron. I am reminded by this that only through fiery trials we can be made to shine with becoming lustre ourselves.

Mrs. Mervin. I think you will have to find some other place in which to practise your fine ideas of housework. You soar quite too high for us.

Angelina. Adieu; this weary birdling seeks another nest.

[*Exit* ANGELINA.

Emma. O, mother! I thought I should burst out laughing in her face. She is an escaped lunatic, I do believe.

Mrs. Mervin. I should think she was. (*Bell rings.*) There's another; this time an artist, perhaps I'll go straight to the office, and have that advertisement taken out.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Is this Mrs. Mervin who advertised for a girl?

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, I am the lady. Do you know of any good girl?

Mary. I would like to get a place myself. I have worked in a shop since I left my home in the country, three years ago; but I find the confinement doesn't agree with me, and I had rather do housework.

Mrs. Mervin. You understand it, then, I suppose.

Mary. Oh, yes! I am next to the oldest in a family of nine children, and my mother commenced teaching me to do housework almost as soon as I could go alone. As soon as the sister next me could take my place, I left home to see if I could earn something to help along. A man like my father, with a small farm and a large family of children, finds it rather hard to get along sometimes.

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, he must find it hard to feed and clothe so many, with so little ready money as farmers generally

have. You are a dutiful daughter to endeavor to assist him what you can; but would your parents approve of your living out in the city?

Mary. Yes: ever since my side has ached with such constant sewing, mother has been urging me to live out; and I should have tried to get a place long before this, only I dreaded so much to go to an intelligence-office. When I saw your advertisement, I decided to apply here immediately.

Mrs. Mervin. I am very glad you did, for I should like to engage you without further delay. How soon can you come?

Mary. To-night, if you wish; my week is out at my boarding-place, and I shouldn't care to commence another.

Mrs. Mervin. Very well, you can come, then, and I will give you three dollars a week. Will that be satisfactory?

Mary. Quite so: that is more than I clear some weeks now; and it will be such a relief to have done with so much sewing. Good-morning, ma'am. I'll be here about five o'clock. [*Exit* MARY.

Emma. There, mother, see what has come by advertising in a respectable paper. I think you have secured a jewel, — so tidy and civil, — and I know by her looks she knows how to do every thing.

Mrs. Mervin. Yes, I am greatly pleased with her appearance; and how much more sensible in her to do housework than kill herself sewing in a shop! I hope the time will soon come when a great many more in her circumstances will go and do likewise. *Mrs. S. E. Dawes.*

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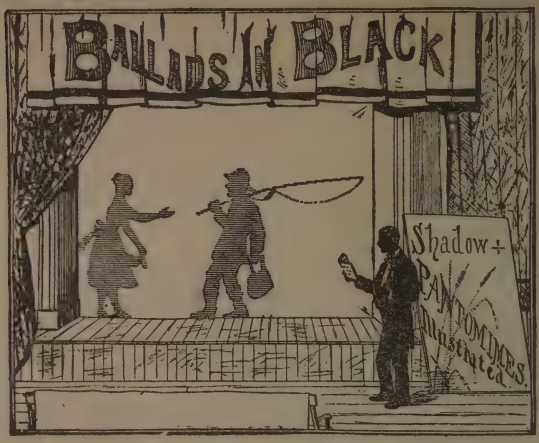

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